

A PEOPLE'S BEST

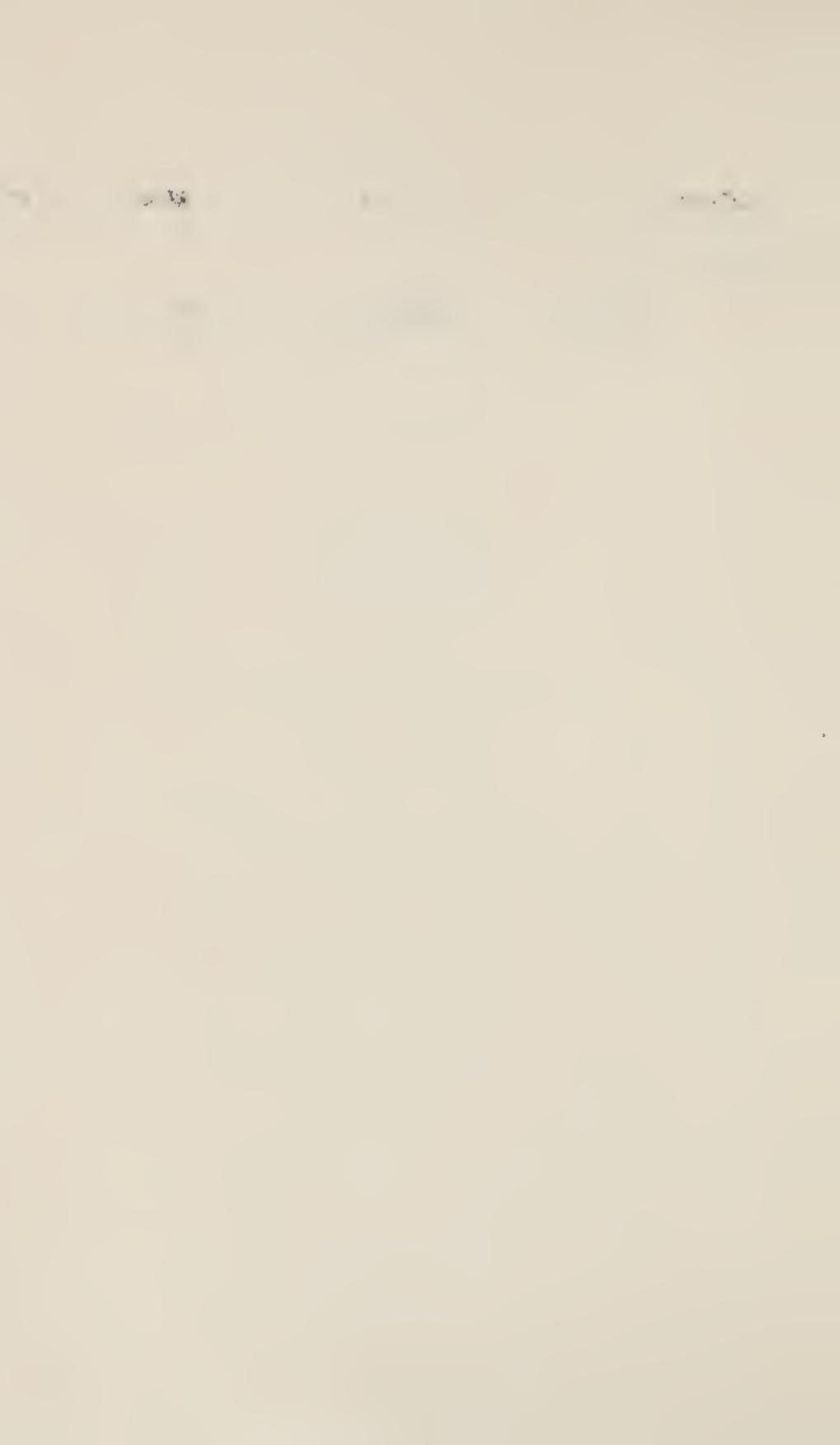
O. J. Stevenson

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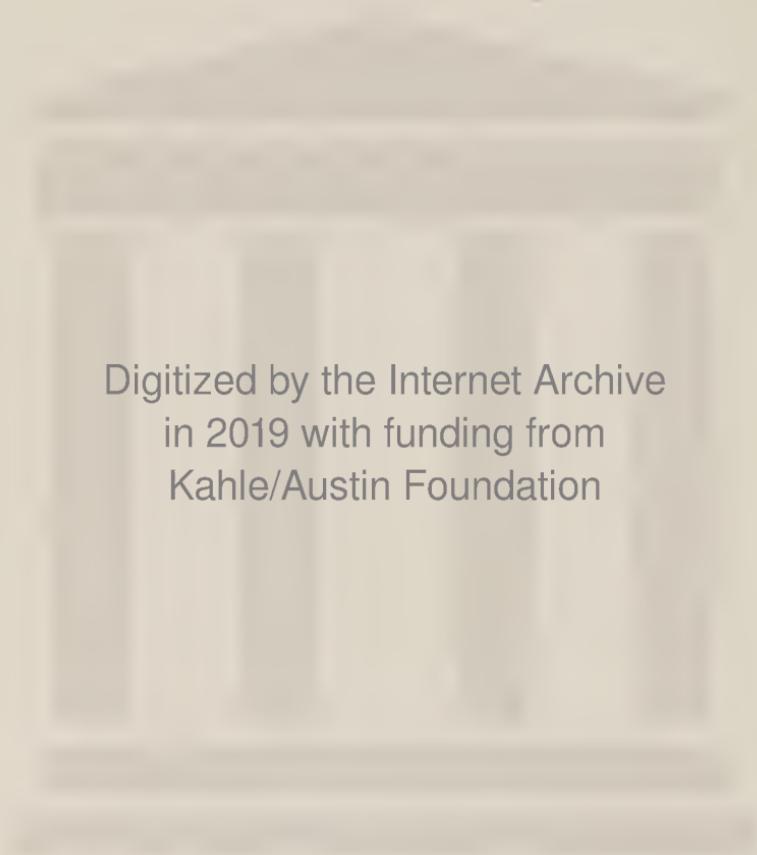


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To dear Janie, with ever so much  
love, Tom Mara 1927.



# *A People's Best*



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# *A People's Best*

*"A people's best, that may not pass away"—Wilfred Campbell*

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*by*  
*O. J. Stevenson*

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*Portraits by Robert Ross*

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## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Of the sketches in this volume, nine have been written by my wife, Mabel Beatrice Stevenson. She has requested that these articles be not specifically credited to her, and the author has respected her wish on this point; but if the reader will select the nine best chapters in the book, he may be assured that these sketches are hers!

—O. J. Stevenson.

## *Contents*

	Page
Foreword . . . . .	9
1 When we Save, we Lose (John McCrae) . . . . .	13
2 An Epic of Labour (Horatio Walker) . . . . .	21
3 A Voice, and an Answer (Walter Allward) . . . . .	31
4 The Storied Windows and the Painted Walls (Sir Gilbert Parker) . . . . .	37
5 And he Spake of Trees (Homer Watson) . . . . .	47
6 The Dawning's Troubadour (Bliss Carman) . . . . .	53
7 From Fort Garry, West (Agnes C. Laut) . . . . .	63
8 Out of the North Country (Tom Thomson) . . . . .	71
9 Great Moments (Margaret Anglin) . . . . .	79
10 New Visions and Brave Ventures (Charles G. D. Roberts) . . . . .	85
11 Laughter Holding both his Sides (Stephen Leacock) . . . . .	95
12 Among my Own People (A. Suzor-Coté) . . . . .	101
13 Music's Magic Spell (Duncan Campbell Scott) . . . . .	109
14 Dans la Solitude (Louis Hémon) . . . . .	119

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

	Page
15 The Song of the Spirit (Archibald Lampman) . . . . .	127
16 Something Worth While (Paul Peel) . . . . .	135
17 Tekahionwake (E. Pauline Johnson) . . . . .	141
18 A Fine Melody of Life (R. Tait McKenzie) . . . . .	153
19 A Golden Page (Marjorie L. C. Pickthall) . . . . .	159
20 A Painter's Painter (J. W. Morrice) . . . . .	169
21 Poet and Padre (Frederick George Scott) . . . . .	177
22 A Force de Talent (Philippe Hébert) . . . . .	185
23 A Balm for Pain (Ethelwyn Wetherald) . . . . .	193
24 The Greatest Good (Peter McArthur) . . . . .	201
25 Poet, Artist, and Citizen (W. H. Drummond) . . . . .	211
26 The Storied Past (C. W. Jefferys) . . . . .	219
27 Lift up thy Voice for the Dumb (Marshall Saunders) . . . . .	229
28 Then to the Well-Trod Stage Anon (Julia Arthur) . . . . .	235
29 A Pre-War Message (Wilfred Campbell) . . . . .	241
30 The Boy Eternal (Norman Duncan) . . . . .	249
31 The Hidden Soul of Harmony (A. S. Vogt) . . . . .	257

## *Foreword*

HE title "A People's Best" is taken from a line which occurs in the poem "Our Heritage," by William Wilfred Campbell:

"A people's best, that may not pass away."

In this poem Campbell states that a people's best and most enduring possession is its national spirit, which inspires its great poets:

"The national dream  
That lies behind this genius at its core,  
And gives it vision, utterance."

But the phrase, "A people's best," may legitimately be given a wider application; and as a title for this series of sketches it is intended to indicate that the artistic achievement of a people is its best possession, and that those creative works which are an expression of the things of the spirit are more enduring than the material wealth of a nation.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer,  
The grass of yesteryear  
Is dead; the birds depart; the groves decay;  
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear;  
Song passes not away.

Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust;  
The poet doth remain.

Does Canada possess any literature or art "that may not pass away,"—anything so written or shaped that the Canadian people "should not willingly let it die"? The writer of this book believes that it does. We are not here concerned with the controversy as to whether or not Canada has a distinctively national literature or art. But we believe that Canada has authors and artists whose work is of permanent worth,—men and women whose names should, to say the least, be as honoured as are those of Canadian statesmen, railway-builders, and other men of action.

There is a special feature of this book which perhaps requires some explanation. It is not usual to group together men of letters, artists, sculptors, or others in the same volume or under the same heading. We have become accustomed to putting each of the arts into a separate compartment and thinking of it without reference to the others. But the poet is, in the literal sense of the word, a "maker" or "creator," and in this sense the painter and the sculptor are also poets. Each strives to express in beautiful or significant form some vital thought or feeling,—some experience that is universal to the race. In the study of any period, therefore, its painters and sculptors and other "creators" should be included along with its poets.

## FOREWORD

and prose writers. It is a poor thing for a student of English literature to know only Wordsworth and not to know Turner and Beethoven who were producing their masterpieces at the same time. This inter-relation of the arts should be sufficient justification for including in the same volume sketches of men and women who are eminent in different fields of art.

Strictly speaking, a book which bears so general a title as "A People's Best," should contain sketches of the distinguished poets and artists of the pre-confederation period, and also of those younger men and women who are winning distinction at the present time. But the writer has been obliged, through limitations of space, to confine himself to only one period, and he has chosen for treatment only those authors and artists who were born in the sixties and early seventies and who belong to what may be called the post-confederation period. And even within the limits of this period, the author has been forced, much to his regret, to make a further selection in order to bring his series of studies within the allotted space. He has, in the first place, omitted those authors whose works are written in French, inasmuch as their poetry and prose is not readily accessible to the English-speaking reader; and he has, in general, chosen those authors, artists, and sculptors whose work is known to a wider public outside of the Dominion. Louis Hémon, although not

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

strictly speaking a Canadian author, has been included because his life is of special interest to many readers.

And, in passing, it should be understood that there is no significance to be attached to the order in which these sketches appear. In arranging them in this order the writer has had only one object in view,—to give as much variety as possible to the contents of the book.

As will be readily seen, the author has made no attempt at critical analysis; appreciation rather than appraisal is his aim. The book is intended for the general reader who wishes to widen his acquaintance with those Canadians who are eminent in literature and art.

“Life is too short to waste  
In critic peep or cynic bark,  
Quarrel or reprimand:  
'Twill soon be dark;  
Up, mind thine own aim, and  
God speed the mark.”

## I

## *“When We Save We Lose”*

“I would not have you unmindful that, sometimes, when we save we lose.”  
—*From a letter to John McCrae from his mother.*

 T was in the Spring of 1915, the last part of April and the first part of May, when the second battle of Ypres was raging. From the doorway of his dug-out on the back slope of the ridge that bordered the Yser Canal, the surgeon of the First Brigade Canadian Artillery saw the shells falling into the burning city of Ypres a mile or more away; overhead hovered the German aeroplanes; the noise of the guns was incessant; on the front field where an assault had been, the dead lay very thick on the slopes.

“The general impression in my mind,” the surgeon wrote in his diary, “is of a nightmare. We have been in the most bitter of fights. For seventeen days and seventeen nights none of us have had our clothes off or our boots even,—except occasionally. In all that time while I was awake, gunfire and rifle fire never ceased for sixty seconds. . . At one time we were down to seven guns, but these guns were smoking at every joint, the gunners using cloth to handle the breech levers because of the heat. . . I have done what fell to hand.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

My clothes, boots, kit, at various times were sadly bloody. . . And behind it all was the constant background of the sights of the dead, the wounded, and maimed, and a terrible anxiety lest the line should give way. . . Seven days of Hades!"

From his dug-out the surgeon could look out upon the shell-swept roads behind the ridge, and witness the tragedies enacted there. A few hundred yards to the south he could see the cemetery of the regiment with its crosses row on row, and he noted day by day how the cemetery grew.

It was spring-time, and the flowers began to bloom. "Yesterday," he writes in his diary, "in the press of bad smells I got a whiff of a hedgerow in bloom. The birds perch on the trees over our heads and twitter away as if there was nothing to worry about." In the intervals of caring for the wounded, and amid all the horrors of this seventeen days of Hades, the surgeon, looking down upon the rows of crosses, composed the following poem:

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders' fields.

## WHEN WE SAVE WE LOSE

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
    The torch; be yours to hold it high;  
    If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
    In Flanders' fields.

The poem appeared in "Punch" in December of the same year, but it did not bear the signature of the author. The name of the Canadian surgeon who wrote it was John McCrae. His home was in the city of Guelph, Ontario; but for some years before the war broke out, he had been assistant physician in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, and lecturer in medicine in McGill University. His father, Col. David McCrae, was an ardent soldier, who never tired of telling his children tales of heroism of the British army; and he had, when over seventy years of age, trained a field-battery in Guelph and brought it overseas. And John McCrae had won the Queen's medal, with three clasps, for distinguished service in the South African war. With a record such as this, it is not at all surprising to find him in a surgeon's dug-out in the second battle of Ypres.

Nor was it at all surprising to those who knew him that in the very midst of the most bitter of fights he had composed a great poem. His mother was a woman of fine literary taste, and he had been brought up in an atmosphere of books and poetry. In his college days in the University of Toronto, and later, he had written occasional

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

verse,—enough when collected, to make a small volume. Strangely enough, these poems were all serious, even sombre, in tone, dealing for the most part with thoughts of death. The subject seemed to hold a strange fascination for him. Here, for example, is a typical poem, written long before the war broke out, when he was only twenty-five years of age. It is entitled "Mine Host."

"There stands a hostel by a travelled way;  
Life is the road and Death the worthy host;  
Each guest he greets, nor ever lacks to say,  
    "How have ye fared?" They answer him, the most,  
"This lodging-place is other than we sought;  
We had intended farther, but the gloom  
Came on apace, and found us ere we thought:  
    Yet will we lodge. Thou hast abundant room."

Within sit haggard men that speak no word,  
No fire gleams their cheerful welcome shed;  
No voice of fellowship or strife is heard,  
    But silence of a multitude of dead.  
"Naught can I offer ye," quoth Death, "but rest!"  
    And to his chamber leads each tired guest."

To read these poems one might picture John McCrae as a man of austere and ascetic temperament whose sole enjoyment of life grew out of his contemplation of war and death. But these poems were the expression of only one side of his nature. It was his cheerfulness, his genial high spirits, his constant gaiety, that endeared him most of all to his friends. Wherever John McCrae went there was jest and laughter, and his face seldom lost its endearing smile. But with all his gaiety of spirit

## WHEN WE SAVE WE LOSE

he was always ready to face the serious responsibilities of life, and with ready sympathy to try to lighten the burdens of others. This sharing of burdens was a family trait. It is a small thing, but it is significant of the family spirit that when upon the marriage of her only daughter the mother was left alone, the two brothers made a compact to see that their mother should receive a letter from them every day.

Knowing these things of John McCrae, it is easy to understand one other outstanding characteristic,—his love for children and for animals. “Through all his life, and through all his letters,” says Sir Andrew Macphail, “dogs and children followed him as shadows follow men. To walk in the streets with him was a slow procession. Every dog and every child one met must be spoken to, and each made answer. Throughout the later letters the names Bonfire and Bonneau occur continually. Bonfire was his horse, and Bonneau his dog.”

A few months after the second battle of Ypres, John McCrae was assigned as physician to Military Hospital No. 3 at Boulogne; and here he remained until his death some three years later. These were three years of arduous, unremitting duty throughout the gloomiest period of the war; but, as the event shows, his personal qualities and his skill were appreciated by his superiors. In the last week of 1917 it was proposed to appoint Lieut.-Col. McCrae to the command of No. 1

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

General Hospital; and a few weeks later came a still higher honour. The earlier appointment was set aside and he was named instead as Consulting Physician to the British Armies in France, with rank as Colonel.

This official recognition of his services gave him great pleasure; and in spite of the fact that he was worn out with the strain of the previous four years, he looked eagerly forward to the prospect of entering upon his new duties. But on the very day that the order came directing him to proceed with his work as Consulting Physician, he was taken ill with pneumonia. Five days later he died. The next afternoon he was buried with full military honours in the cemetery at Wimereux, a sea-side village a short distance from Boulogne. Thus ended a career that was already marked by high achievement and that gave promise of still greater service and greater distinction in the years to follow.

"The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,  
The careless song, the cup, the love of friends,  
The earth in Spring—to live, to feel the light—  
'Twas good the while it lasted: here it ends."

Four years later, on a rainy afternoon in the early fall of 1922, we visited the cemetery at Wimereux. The work of beautifying the cemetery was then in progress. The graves were still bare, without grass or flower, and the wooden crosses were not yet replaced by marble tombstones. But the

## WHEN WE SAVE WE LOSE

cross of sacrifice looked down upon the poet's grave from a little eminence a few yards away; and at one end of the cemetery was a profusion of flowers. From this little garden we gathered a bunch of scarlet poppies and laid them on his grave.

On our way back from Wimereux to Boulogne the rain ceased falling, and the sun came out. The poppies danced in the sunlight, and overhead the larks were singing. The tide had come in and as we strode along, the salt spray blew in our faces. Yonder on the higher slopes to the left, commanding a view of all the country-side, there stood the tall shaft surmounted by the figure of Napoleon gazing out across the Channel to the chalk cliffs of England; while here at Wimereux and yonder at Terlingthun were sleeping the brave Canadian youths who had laid down their lives to save England from the ambitions of other tyrants. It had been theirs to hold high the torch of freedom,—and as we turned to look back to Wimereux, remembering their sacrifice it seemed to us that

“The very graves were for a moment bright.”



## II

*An Epic of Labour*

N the western end of the Island of Orleans in the river St. Lawrence, a great Canadian painter, Mr. Horatio Walker, has lived for over forty years. This is an historic spot. Jacques Cartier when he first sailed up the St. Lawrence admired the island and because of the quantity of vines upon it, named it the Isle of Bacchus. And on the very part of the island where Mr. Walker's home now stands, General Wolfe once had his camp. From the artist's garden one may look out upon the same beauty which greeted Wolfe,—on the left the Heights of Lévis, on the right the Falls of Montmorency, and six or seven miles up the river, the bold promontory with its grey old citadel, Quebec.

Even as early as the time of Wolfe's coming, there were in this part of Canada well-established farms and villages. Capt. Knox, writing of the voyage of Wolfe's fleet up the river, said, "At the Island of Orleans we are presented with a view of a clear, open country, with villages and churches innumerable . . . all white-limed on the outside . . . a most agreeable prospect of a delightful country on every side; wind-mills, water-mills,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

churches, chapels, and compact farm-houses all built with stone. With the help of my glass I can discern that they are sown with flax, wheat, barley, pease, etc., and the grounds are enclosed with wooden pales."

These "compact farm-houses" were among the earliest on the continent. Over a hundred years before Wolfe's coming, French colonists had settled here and had built their homes. And here, in these same farms and villages, more than a century and a half after Wolfe, live the descendants of those early settlers, perpetuating in beautiful simplicity the race, faith and primitive manner of life of their forefathers. Into this old, natural, unspoiled life Horatio Walker came, a young man in his twenties, and, seeing beauty in the homes and garb and labours of the French Canadians, made his home among them and became their great interpreter,—the Painter of the *Habitant*.

If all of Walker's canvases could be brought together into one room, it would be possible to see how fully he has represented the life of the people. He has depicted the innumerable phases of the day's labour from early morning until evening, in all seasons of the year. Beginning with such pictures as "Ploughing,—the First Gleam," and "A Dewy Morning," we come upon sturdy figures, old and young, ploughing, harrowing, felling trees or loading logs, a group gathering potatoes, a solitary figure digging, men washing or shearing

## AN EPIC OF LABOUR



Horatio Walker.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

sheep, or tending a flock, a swineherd with his swine, a labourer with his horses, a boy feeding calves, a woman milking or stooping over her out-of-doors bake-oven, a girl with turkeys,—until at length we see the close of day in such pictures as “Evening, Ile d’Orleans” or in the “Deo Gratias.” In this last picture a horse and cart wait, while before a wayside shrine two peasants give thanks at the end of a day’s work well done. In Walker’s work the same subject is treated again and again in varied aspects. For instance, he has painted the woodsmen felling trees, cutting wood, sawing wood, loading logs, and hauling logs; or, to take another instance, he has made fascinating studies of pigs,—pigs feeding, pigs at rest in their sty, or an energetic sow leading her litter of little pigs into an orchard paradise of fallen apples.

In all of these pictures the great technical skill of the artist is shown. Added to the perfection of the drawing, in which Horatio Walker is a master, there is a handling of colour that is exhilarating. Even in the grey of evening, the mist of morning, the cold of a winter sky, the subdued light of an interior of a hut, the tones of a pile of split wood there is always a sense of colour. And though the figures in the picture be bent, perhaps wearily, over some monotonous task, there is always a heartening note,—the blue of the workman’s jeans, the red of a blouse or cap, the glow of the sky,—colour which frees one from that depression which might

## AN EPIC OF LABOUR

otherwise accompany the contemplation of the ceaseless routine of the peasant's life.

It is in this masterly use of colour that Walker surpasses Millet, the French painter of peasant life, to whom he has been likened. Millet's pictures are sombre compared with Walker's. Millet's figures too, are tragic in a way that the Canadian artist's are not. There is a prevailing tone of contentment and serenity in the latter's men and women; his peasants are intelligent beings who carry out simple tasks and live in harmony with their surroundings and are therefore content. Walker's pictures tell a story which is of universal significance, of workers doing the same kind of work, year after year, in the same fields, in accordance with a natural order, and the story is told so powerfully that it is not too much to say of his work that it is an epic of labour.

It was as a boy of twelve, in the late summer of 1870, that Horatio Walker first saw Quebec. His father, Thomas Walker, on first landing in Canada from Yorkshire, had parted with most of his capital in return for "farm lands." To his dismay, he found his new property, well to the west, in Ontario, to be miles of untouched forest which was worthless for farming. But in time the tract became very valuable as timber land, and it was as a successful timber merchant, with a shipment, that he had come to Quebec, in 1870, accompanied by his young son. Here, in the Cove where Wolfe's

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

army had landed, the boy saw raftsmen, voyageurs, and Indians in their canoes with loads of furs. His imagination was fired, and there and then the youth determined that he should live in Quebec as soon as he was able.

From this eventful visit Horatio Walker returned to the little Ontario town, Listowel, which was his birthplace. Stories are told there of his first attempts at art,—of the painting of a banner for a local Orange lodge, or of a morning when a certain board fence was found covered with clever caricatures of the town fathers. His father, who himself took pleasure in whittling out figures in wood, encouraged the lad's taste for drawing, but it is doubtful if anyone in the town saw in the lively boy any glimpse of the great artist he was to become.

When he was fifteen he entered the photographic studio of Notman and Fraser, Toronto. This firm produced portraits in colour and engaged men who had some skill in painting. Mr. R. F. Gagen was in their employ and gave the youth some instruction in the use of his brush.

Five years later Mr. Walker gave up photographic work and went to New York State, where he did a good deal of sketching, living for a time in Rochester. But the spell which old French Quebec had early cast over him drew him back to that province. His grandfather, a British consul of Rouen, France, had married a Frenchwoman, and

## AN EPIC OF LABOUR

perhaps there was in Walker's nature some strain of this French grandmother which made him so readily responsive to French character. In any case, he returned to Canada and soon he had taken a little studio in the city of Quebec.

Now began that intimate study of Quebec rural life which has enabled this artist to interpret the habitant so faithfully. From Portneuf to Charlevoix, he tramped back and forth through the river-side settlements. He lived with the people in their homes and came to know them in all moods, festive and gay as well as in their darker moments. A walking tour from Montreal to Quebec occupied the young man, now twenty-five years of age, from May to November of the year 1880. The traveller brought newspapers with him, and in the little white-walled, red-roofed homes the habitants crowded about him to hear him read the news they liked, of disasters and crimes and other stirring events. All the while the artist worked, with pencil, water-colours, and oils, making a collection of innumerable sketches which covered every phase of the life he saw about him. A dead horse, cow, or sheep, wherever he could find one, gave him an opportunity to study anatomy, and steadily his talent became more robust, his technique more sure.

In 1882 he travelled to England and to many parts of the Continent. To one who possessed early the power to apprehend great art, but who

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

had had little opportunity of seeing fine pictures, this first visit to the great European galleries was inspiring. "I have two patron saints, Michael Angelo and Turner," Mr. Walker is quoted as saying. And certainly this first visit to the shrines of his "patron saints" played its part in advancing the art of the young painter.

Upon his return from Europe Mr. Walker married and settled down on the Island of Orleans, where he has lived ever since except for frequent trips to Europe. It was about this time that he first had a picture shown in New York. It was called "A Sty" and was a study of pigs lying down. The artist was paid seventy-five dollars for it, but later a dealer on Fifth Avenue received five thousand dollars for it!

From this time on, prizes and gold medals, with honours from numerous art associations in the United States, Canada and Europe, poured in upon Mr. Walker, and his pictures sold readily for very large sums. The galleries of New York, Washington, Buffalo, St. Louis, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Toledo, are enriched by fine samples of his art, and private collectors who are able to gratify their taste for the best in painting, have become possessors of his works. To one of these latter, the late Sir Edmund Walker, the Toronto Art Museum is indebted for one of his finest pictures, "Evening, Ile d'Orleans."

In our time, when labour has become a huge,

## AN EPIC OF LABOUR

highly organized machine, the unspoiled, primitive life depicted by Horatio Walker is fast receding. Mr. Walker in his island home deplores the passing of the old order and expresses his dislike for that form of modern "development" which so often destroys natural beauty. "You were born two hundred years ago," a priest in Normandy once said to Walker,—and it may be that our great Canadian "genre" painter has the soul of a by-gone age. Be that as it may, he has sympathetically interpreted for posterity an aspect of Canadian life which will soon be out of reach; and, as a true artist, he has created his epic in language which all the world can understand.



### III

## *A Voice, and an Answer*



S one stands before the Alexander Graham Bell memorial in the city of Brantford, Ontario, one can scarcely fail to be moved with a sense of the conquering power of the human race. Here is not merely a monument to commemorate the fact of Bell's invention of the telephone, but an expression in bronze and stone of man's power of communication. A granite pylon stands on either side of the memorial and each pylon is surmounted by a figure of a woman, the one speaking, the other stooping to listen. Back of these, reached by shallow steps, is a great bronze panel which represents mankind, guided by inspiration, sending out over the air his thoughts of joy, sorrow and knowledge. The transmission of speech is symbolized in a way which suggests the great universal listening of humanity, —a voice—and an answer.

Did the creator of the Bell memorial ever dream as he worked out his beautiful conception into material form, that in the years to come he would be called upon to design a memorial to commemorate the answer of one nation's cry to another, the answer of Canada listening to a voice from across

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

far seas? When, on the hill overlooking the Ypres salient there shall rise one hundred and thirty feet in air his noble monument to Canada's dead, Walter Allward will have expressed again in bronze and stone something akin to the thought of his Bell monument,—the "listening" of humanity. It is this power of symbolism, of making stone and bronze suggest the incommunicable, which distinguishes Allward's work as a sculptor.

Walter Seymour Allward was born in Toronto in 1876, the son of a carpenter, and one of a family of eight children. His parents were from Newfoundland, and his mother, particularly, was a woman of quick perception and strong character. The boy attended Dufferin school and the Technical School, but at an early age he went to work. He learned carpentering, was apprenticed to an architect, and for a time was employed in the Don Valley brick works. As a result of these boyhood occupations he has a first-hand knowledge of construction materials. While he was in the brick works he used to model ornamental figures in terracotta, and soon he was modelling heads, bas-reliefs, and figure-groups in clay. By the time he was nineteen he had decided to become a sculptor.

The boy's family and friends gave him no particular encouragement in his ambition. He had no teacher, he attended no school of sculpture; but from pictures and cheap reproductions he studied the work of Michael Angelo and the Greeks. Un-

## A VOICE—AND AN ANSWER

known and untaught, while he was still employed at the brick works he courageously undertook to design a figure for the Northwest Rebellion memorial to be erected in Queen's Park, Toronto; and he was awarded the commission. Thereafter he entered upon a period of making portrait busts, which gave him abundant employment. Laurier, Tupper, Mowat and many others were modelled with fine regard for accuracy. Several of these busts are now in the Toronto Normal School. Perhaps the first figure to show his latent power of symbolism was that done for the Army and Navy Veterans' Association in commemoration of the War of 1812. This little known and neglected statue stands in Portland Square, Toronto. It is a half-length figure of an old soldier whose empty coat-sleeve and wistful face is full of suggestion.

After executing a number of important commissions, including the Nicholas Flood Davin memorial, Ottawa, and the statue of Governor Simcoe in Queen's Park, Toronto, Allward went to London and Paris for a period of study. Happily, the lure of Europe for the artist did not hold him permanently from his native land. He had been married some time before going to Europe, and after his pilgrimage there he returned to Canada and took up his residence in Walker Avenue, Toronto.

The next important memorial to be designed by Allward was that to the soldiers of the South African War, which was erected in 1911 at the foot of

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

University Avenue, Toronto. Here is shown the young mother, Canada, sending out her sons, inspiring young figures, to fight for the Empire. At the top of the lofty column is a figure of Peace with wings outstretched and arms holding high overhead a crown typifying Canada's unity with the Empire. This memorial shows a masterly handling of mass and detail. Alas! all too soon the sculptured figure of Peace was to look down upon drilling and marching troops, as this part of Toronto became the scene of recruiting for the Great War.

The unveiling of Allward's memorial to Alexander Graham Bell in October, 1918, revealed to his admirers a great expansion of his powers, and to them it was not a surprise when in 1921 his design for the Great War memorial to commemorate Canadian valour at Ypres was accepted. It was awarded first place out of no fewer than one hundred and sixty competing designs. The Canadian government had not originally intended to erect so massive a monument; but Allward's design was of such striking merit that it was decided to concentrate upon carrying it out as one central memorial, rather than to erect many smaller monuments.

The Ypres memorial will be a large one, one hundred and thirty feet in height and five hundred and twenty-five feet in length,—proportions in keeping with the vastness of the conception. Two groups of defenders stand at the base of a strong wall of

## A VOICE—AND AN ANSWER

defence. Over each group is the mouth of a gun hung with laurels of peace. Above, on the top of the wall, which is forty feet high, stands a heroic figure,—Canada—mourning her dead. Behind and on a much higher level, reached by majestic stairways, are two gigantic pylons which symbolize the two forces, Canada and France. Between these pylons, at the base, a lonely Spirit of Sacrifice throws his torch to a comrade while he gazes upward to the sublime figures of Truth, Peace, Justice, and Knowledge for whom he has given all. These figures chant a hymn of peace, and around them are the shields of Britain, Canada, and France. There are forms at the back of the memorial to symbolize humanity; and the Cross, the symbol of Divinity, is on the outside of the pylons. This striking memorial will indeed do honour to those,

“That stormed the ridge, that dared the air.”

But it will also do honour to the art of its creator; for, in this, as in all of his imaginative work, Allward displays the poetic vision and the spiritual power of truly great art.



## IV

# *The Storied Windows and the Painted Walls*



VEN though much of Sir Gilbert Parker's life has been lived in England, the people of Canada have never ceased to regard him as a Canadian; and we are accustomed to think of his novels, especially those that relate to Canada, as forming part of our Canadian literature. To those readers who have for more than a score of years been held captive by the charm of his romances,—by "the storied windows and the painted walls,"—the story of his own romantic career cannot fail to be of interest. It can, however, be told here only in outline, and this outline will, for the sake of further clearness, be divided into a number of separate chapters.

### Chapter I: Canada

The first scene in Sir Gilbert's own romance is laid in the little village of Camden East, which lies a few miles to the north-east of the town of Napanee in Eastern Ontario. It is one of those old villages that "have run half up the hill and then sat down to rest"; and it is but little changed since the time that Sir Gilbert was born there,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

more than sixty years ago. There is the same shaded street, with church and shop and swirling stream and mill, and with the old stone school still crowning the hill-top on the outskirts of the village. Sir Gilbert's father, Captain Joseph Parker, a retired army officer, was magistrate in the village, and Sir Gilbert's boyhood was spent there, as one of a family of several children. The village tradition is that he excelled as a reader and reciter; but his boyhood was, on the whole, uneventful. When his public school days were over, he was sent to Trinity College School in Port Hope, and later he attended Trinity College in Toronto. To a youth who excelled in his studies and who had gifts of speech the church seemed to offer the most promising career, and he took a course in theology. He was ordained in Kingston, and was for a short time curate in Trenton. But his health began to give him some concern, and he decided on a sea-voyage to England, by way of Australia, in the hope of benefiting by the change.

### Chapter II: Australia

Shortly after arriving in Australia he delivered lectures in a number of different cities, and later he made a journey into the interior. Some of the articles which he wrote describing his experiences attracted the attention of Sir James Fairfax, the proprietor of the Sydney "Morning Herald," and he offered the young Canadian a position on the

## THE STORIED WINDOWS.



Sir Gilbert Parker.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

staff of the paper. Parker accepted it, but made it a condition that he should be permitted to travel in the South Seas as special correspondent for "The Herald" for three months every year. Then followed a number of years of strenuous work, with long hours,—fifteen hours a day, according to Sir Gilbert's own report. Then, as now, he had a strong dramatic sense, and while he was in Australia he wrote three plays. These were produced by George Rignold, a well-known actor, and they brought substantial financial returns to the author. But of greater significance are the poems which he wrote during this period. His first volume, a sonnet sequence entitled "A Lover's Diary," was written when he was twenty-three years of age; and later, in London, he published by subscription a second volume, entitled "Embers." Sir Gilbert's success as a novelist has since overshadowed his reputation as a poet; but he possessed genuine poetic gifts, and something of the quality of these lyrics may be understood when it is recalled that a number of them have been set to music by Sir Edward Elgar, Mr. Arthur Foote, and other distinguished composers.

After spending nearly four years in Australia, Parker resigned his position on "The Herald" and went to England. He was now twenty-six years of age. His work in Australia had been in the nature of an apprenticeship in literature, in poetry, in drama, and in fiction. But his stories had not

## THE STORIED WINDOWS

been published, and he carried them with him, some twenty-two of them in all. When he landed in England he had his name and fame still to make, and he came as a literary knight errant seeking adventure.

### Chapter III: England

To-day it is a comparatively easy thing for a "colonial" of genius to find an entry into the English world of letters; but thirty years ago, before the days of the radio and fast steamship and imperial conferences, the doors were fast barred. Sir Gilbert, however, was armed with a letter of introduction to the well-known war-correspondent, Archibald Forbes, and he sought him out and submitted his stories to him for criticism. In due time Forbes asked the young author to dinner, but the evening went by and the stories were not mentioned. Later, however, on going down the street, Forbes put his hand on Parker's shoulder and remarked, "Parker, that is the best collection of titles I have ever seen." Parker was not slow to understand and profit by the suggestion. "I saw that I had not yet learned my trade," he afterwards said; and so he went to his lodgings and burned his stories. But in spite of this failure, he still had enough faith in himself to believe that he could write fiction. Shortly after this when walking down the Strand one day, he saw a trapper's outfit, —leather coat, fur cap, moccasins, in a window.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

He had, before leaving Canada spent some time in Quebec, and as he looked at the window it occurred to him that he might make use of the habitant stories which he had heard in French Canada, and returning to his lodgings, he began, that very night, the first of the stories of "Pierre and his People." These stories appeared first in various magazines, but later, in 1892, they were published in book form. They were an immediate success, and Parker's faith in his ability to write fiction was amply justified.

"Pierre and his People" was followed, during the next twenty years, by a long series of novels, with varied settings ranging from Canada to Egypt and from the Channel Islands to the South Seas. "The Trail of the Sword," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Battle of the Strong," "The Lane That had no Turning," "The Right of Way," "The Judgment House," these are but a few of the titles in the long list of his romances. The success of these novels brought him wealth as well as fame; and his marriage in 1895 to Miss Amy E. Van Tine, a New York lady, further added to his fortune. The publication in the following year, of "The Seats of the Mighty" gave him an assured position in the world of letters, and with the appearance of this novel another chapter in his own personal romance may be said to have ended.

## THE STORIED WINDOWS

### Chapter IV: The Empire

In the year 1897 the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated, and as a result of that momentous gathering, a new interest was awakened in questions relating to the Empire as a whole, and in Great Britain's policy regarding her dominions overseas. For a young man with a knowledge of colonial conditions, and with political ambitions, it was an opportune moment to enter British politics. Parker in 1837 was thirty-five years of age; he possessed a first-hand knowledge of Canada, South Africa, and Australia; he was a man of sound judgment, a persuasive speaker, and an ardent imperialist. In the year 1900 he was elected to the House of Commons as Unionist member for Gravesend, and he represented this constituency for eighteen years. As a member of the House, Sir Gilbert was held in high esteem, and he was looked upon as an authority on matters relating to the colonies and on questions pertaining to land settlement. He was a pleasing speaker, fluent and at times eloquent, and his speeches were distinguished not only by common-sense directness, but by sound reasoning and convincing argument.

Throughout the busy years of his political life he still found time for writing; and at the same time he was engaged in other public activities. In 1903 he organized the first conference of the Universities of the Empire. He was for seven years

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Chairman of the Imperial South African Association, and during the Great War he was director of British publicity in America. The amount of work which he accomplished during these years was amazing, and it was made possible only by steady application and a system rigidly applied to the working hours of his life; the first hour in the morning for correspondence, a half hour for riding in the park; two hours in his study; then, after luncheon, the House until midnight, with weekends spent in the country, where he found time for his writing.

In 1902 Sir Gilbert was knighted, and in 1915 he was made a baronet. The following year he became a Privy Councillor, with the title of Right Honourable. In the meantime he received the degrees of D.C.L., Litt.D., and LL.D. from different universities.

### The Epilogue: America

In 1918, at the close of the Great War, Sir Gilbert withdrew from the House of Commons, and since then he has spent much time in America, chiefly in California, where his romances have been filmed. In 1925 he suffered bereavement in the death of Lady Parker. She died in New York and was buried in Belleville, Ont. During the summer of 1926 Sir Gilbert paid a prolonged visit to Ontario, renewing old friendships and forming many new ones.

## THE STORIED WINDOWS

Sir Gilbert has been described as a man who "likes to make things happen," and in this energy and strength of purpose lies, in part, the secret of his successful career. Things have happened in his life partly because of his capacity for work, but chiefly because of the application of method not only to his daily life but to his literary work as well.

But successful as he has been, it is, after all, not in the outward events of his career that his real strength and his real claim to our admiration and affection lies; but in the realm of imagination in which he has lived—in "the storied windows and the painted walls" of poetry and romance. "Then would I turn again to that crowded and sunny field of life in which it was so easy to forget myself, my cares and my surroundings; a place busy as a city, bright as a theatre, thronged with memorable faces, and sounding with delightful speech. . . No part of the world has ever seemed to me so charming as these pages, and not even my friends are quite so real."



## V

*“And He Spake of Trees”*

**M**AKE drawings of the engines and cars out there, if you like, but you must not draw the human form divine,” said the old schoolmaster to one of his boys, in the little village of Doon, Ontario, over sixty years ago. The master had discovered that a lively lad named Homer Watson had been drawing pictures of his teacher, attempts quite unlike the usual schoolboy efforts. In these drawings his crooked nose, and his wig, often awry, were reproduced much too faithfully to be to the master’s liking. The railway had just come into the village and the teacher sought to divert the budding artist’s attention from himself to the new trains. But, in his eagerness, the boy soon forgot the reproof. “I could not help it,” says Mr. Watson. “I again took to drawing the master. One day I was bent over my drawing wholly absorbed in the portrait. Suddenly something made me look up, and with a start I discovered that the master had left his rostrum. He was looking over my shoulder, and in a moment he was cuffing me soundly, saying, ‘Did I not tell you that you must not draw the human form divine?’ ”

Homer Watson did continue, as a boy, to draw  
[ 47 ]

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

the human form and he might have become a great portrait painter. But there early grew up in him a deep love for his native landscape, and soon, without any teaching whatsoever, he was trying to paint in oils the scenes of the beautiful country-side in which he lived. A business man in the village tried to persuade him to give up this waste of time and to come into his office; but he went on painting in his own individual way.

When he was about twenty years of age, he heard of the Royal Canadian Academy which was being organized under the influence of the Marquis of Lorne, the Governor-General, and his wife, Princess Louise. An exhibition of paintings by Canadian artists was to be held at Ottawa, and the country lad, who up to this time had never even seen a good oil painting, determined to submit one of his canvases. He felt that it was presumptuous for him to hope to have his picture placed on exhibition. Yet, with boyish eagerness, he crated it up and sent it off. The picture away, he was overcome by nervous depression. One day when he was returning from a disconsolate walk along the Grand River he was met by the store-keeper who had always urged him to give up his "dabbling in paint." In great excitement, the man held out to him a copy of the Toronto daily "Globe" which announced that Watson's picture had not only been hung at the exhibition but had been purchased by Princess Louise for her mother, Queen Victoria!

## AND HE SPAKE OF TREES

The painting which had won this signal recognition was called "The Pioneer Mill." It was a somewhat wild scene, showing an old mill almost in ruins, with a water-wheel driven by a stream falling over a rocky ledge. In the background was a steep hillside with tall trees,—trees that were the forerunners of the noble beeches and oaks and elms and willows which are so distinctive a feature of Mr. Watson's work.

Homer Watson was now committed to a life as an artist. In one picture after another he portrayed scenes from the pioneer life about his native village on the Grand River. At first, art critics and picture dealers would scarcely believe that his canvases were original, and that this unique young man who had studied under no master and had attended no art school could be the creator of such works. But gradually collectors here and there, in Toronto and in Montreal, began to buy his pictures and by 1887, when he was thirty-one, he was in a position to travel to Europe to see the great galleries.

Watson's work all this time had been characterized by a bold, rugged handling of paint and by a certain rich colour-sense expressed in low tones, which led critics to say that he might have been trained by Crome or by Rousseau. Yet he had not even seen the works of these masters until after his own art had been recognized and honoured. When he at length did stand before the paintings

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

of Theodore Rousseau he felt at once that he was spiritually akin to that vigorous painter. The natural forests of the New World had exercised over the young Canadian painter the same fascination as had the forests of the Old World over the earlier French painter. Watson was a boy of only eleven when Rousseau died, and as a young painter he knew nothing of Rousseau or of his works. And yet, uninfluenced by any contact with the older painter's works, he had shown the same distinctive quality in his art.

Mr. Watson on this first visit remained some three years in England, and was accorded gratifying recognition. An interesting commentary on the attitude of the Canadian public toward work by native artists in those days, is the fact that certain Canadian collectors bought in Bond Street, London, the very same pictures of Watson's which they had ignored in a Montreal art-dealer's hands a year or two before; and they paid in England several times the price which had been asked in Montreal! Watson's work was honoured in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and in those of the New English Art Club and other British societies and institutes; and it was not long before he was so firmly established that he received more commissions than he could execute, and he had no need to seek purchasers for his pictures.

For a number of years he continued to spend part of each year in England, but he returned to

## AND HE SPAKE OF TREES

Doon for the summers. This picturesque little village, situated in one of the most beautiful farming sections in Western Ontario, had been the home of his grandparents and parents and was his birthplace. Here he had been happily married to a young lady who had grown up with him in the same village; and here, since the death of his wife, some ten years ago, he has lived quietly in his old home.

Scenes from Ontario pioneer life, and the trees of the Ontario country-side are the subjects of most of Mr. Watson's larger paintings. "Clearing Land" shows men engaged in taking out stumps under a stormy sky which is in strong contrast with the light from a bonfire in the foreground. Such pictures as "The Sawmill," "The Gravel Pit," "The Broken Field" and "Loading Beechwood" are masterly interpretations of aspects of later pioneer days in Ontario. Among the most striking of Mr. Watson's works are his forest interiors, for he paints trees as no one else in Canada has painted them. As a boy he lived among noble trees which were part of the original forests, now almost wholly gone. It is his loving observation of their ways which has enabled him to portray so skillfully trees so different, for instance, as the strong rugged oak with its large masses of foliage and the lighter willow which flutters in the faintest breeze.

For half a century Mr. Watson has been familiar with every foot of the immediate environs of Doon.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Now, in his automobile, he explores a wider neighbourhood, and the products of these sketching trips, hundreds of studies in oils, each done at a single sitting, are arresting and stimulating works. There is in them fresh and vivid colour and a youthful spontaneity that is astonishing in one of Mr. Watson's years. It was a deliberate choice which the famous Canadian painter made, when he returned from the smoother, more finished landscape of England to that of his own land, and the spontaneity of his most recent work shows that he still loves, more than all else, to paint the streams and pools, the country roads and fields, the wooded hills and dales of the lovely Doon country-side.

VI

## *“The Dawning’s Troubadour”*

“He is the morning’s poet,  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning’s troubadour.”

—James Whitcomb Riley.

N the early poetry of Bliss Carman there is something that appeals particularly to the spirit of youth,—something so fresh and stimulating that the reader is carried away by it; and among the older men and women who read this sketch there may be those who will recall with something of a thrill their feelings of delight when they first made the acquaintance of these early volumes of Carman’s verse.

“Make me over, Mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flowery hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
And thy great heart beats and quivers  
To revive the days that were,  
Make me over, Mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!”

It is not surprising that poetry such as this, with its free swing and movement and its feeling for outdoor life and nature should stir the emotions and kindle the imagination of youth.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Carman did not begin to write verse until he was twenty-five. At that time he had not definitely chosen literature as a profession, and he was still engaged in study. But the greater part of his vacations were spent in the open. His cousin Charles G. D. Roberts was a professor in King's College, Windsor, N. S., and the two friends made long canoe trips together into the wilds; and aside from this, Carman journeyed on foot through the country of *Evangeline*, which was near at hand. "In that beautiful land of great tides and wide meadows and comfortable quiet homes among miles and miles of orchards," he writes later, "there was always something magical and charming which filled me with content and gladness; or perhaps it is only because we were young and happy that the place must seem forever blessed." It was here during the summer of 1886 that one of the first of his poems, "*Low Tide on Grand Pré*," took form, and with it Carman's career as a poet may be said to begin.

In the twenty-five years of his life previous to this, there was nothing that was especially eventful. He was born in the year 1861,—the year after his cousin Charles G. D. Roberts. William Carman, the poet's father, was a barrister in Fredericton; and both his father and his mother were of United Empire Loyalist stock. His mother, Sophia Mary Bliss, traced her descent from the Rev. Daniel Bliss, the first minister in Concord,

THE DAWNING'S TROUBADOUR



Bliss Carman.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Mass., who was also the great-grandfather of the poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The relationship between Carman and Emerson is distant, but there is nevertheless a resemblance between the two poets both in personal features and in temperament.

Carman's education was begun at home, and one of his memories as a boy of eight or nine is that of his father dusting off his Latin dictionary to give him his first lesson in the classics. Later he attended the Collegiate School in Fredericton, where he came under the influence of that inspiring teacher Dr. George R. Parkin, in "study that was not toil." "You gave us," wrote Carman, in grateful acknowledgment, at a later date, "whatever solace or inspiration there is in the classics or modern letters, and set our feet in the devious aisles of the enchanted groves of the Muses."

In 1881 Carman graduated from the University of New Brunswick with honours in classics, and after doing a winter's reading at home, he spent a year in post-graduate study in the University of Edinburgh. Upon his return to Fredericton he taught for some time, studied law, and did some work in field engineering. Then with the idea of preparing himself for a college position in teaching, he decided to take a post-graduate course in Harvard. At Harvard he took lectures in science and philosophy, but English literature was his

## THE DAWNING'S TROUBADOUR

chief study; and it was during his Harvard vacation that he composed the first of his poems.

While at Harvard he formed one of the most memorable friendships of his life, with Richard Hovey, another young poet with tastes and temperament that were congenial to his own.

"No fidget and no reformer, just  
A calm observer of ought and must;  
A lover of books and a reader of man,  
No cynic and no charlatan."

Between the two poets there developed a strong personal attachment, with mutual inspiration, which was terminated only by Hovey's early death in 1900. For some years, from 1892 on, Carman spent his winters in Washington at the home of Hovey, and during the summers the two poets re-visited the scenes of Carman's boyhood and youth.

In the meantime, with his growing interest in writing, Carman had given up the idea of teaching and had set his face towards literature as a profession. In 1890 he found an opening for editorial work in New York, on the staff of "The Independent"; later he was engaged as writer for "Current Literature" and for "The Atlantic Monthly"; and during the first years of its publication, he was editor of the little pocket periodical known as "The Chap Book."

During these years he was adding to the number of his poems, and in 1893 his first volume was published. It was entitled "Low Tide on Grand

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Pré." Within the next few years, Carman and Hovey in collaboration published three volumes of verse, "Songs from Vagabondia" (1894), "More Songs from Vagabondia" (1896), and "Last Songs from Vagabondia" (1900). These books are "full of the rapture of the open air and the open road, of the wayside tavern bench, the April weather, and the 'manly love of comrades.'" They came at a time when the spirit of Wanderlust which is crowding our highways to-day, by land and sea, was beginning to make itself felt, and these poems have expressed better than anything else in our language this spirit of gypsy freedom. Some of these Vagabondia songs are among the best examples of Carman's early work, and such poems as, "Make Me Over, Mother April," "The Joys of the Road," and "A Vagabond Song" are unsurpassed as roving songs.

After the death of Hovey, Carman spent most of his winters in New York, and his summers were spent chiefly in the Catskills. But the course of his life was varied by journeys and excursions,—a walking tour in England and France, journeys to the West Indies and to California, and frequent visits to Canada. Indeed during all these years his heart went out constantly to the old home and to boyhood scenes and associations in "the Northland."

"Here in lovely New England  
When summer is come, a sea-turn

## THE DAWNING'S TROUBADOUR

Flutters a page of remembrance  
In the volume of long ago.

Soft is the wind over Grand Pré,  
Stirring the heads of the grasses,  
Sweet is the breath of the orchard  
White with their apple blow.

There at their infinite business  
Of measuring time forever,  
Murmuring songs of the sea,  
The great tides come and go.

Over the dykes and the uplands  
Wander the great cloud shadows,  
Strange as the passing of sorrow,  
Beautiful, solemn, and slow.

For, spreading her old enchantment  
Of tender ineffable wonder,  
Summer is there in the Northland;  
How should my heart not know?"

During this period of journalism in New York, Carman continued to publish, year after year, new volumes of prose and verse. In "Behind the Arras" (1895) a distinct change comes over his work. There is in these poems a troubled questioning note, and for the first time an element of doubt and despondency. The poet is no longer satisfied with life itself, but is seeking to find some philosophy of life. In "The Pipes of Pan" (1902-1905) there is still another change. In these poems the writer turns for the first time to Greek myth for his inspiration.

For some years, beginning with 1895, Carman

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

contributed a weekly essay to "The Boston Transcript," and several years later these essays were collected and published in three volumes entitled "The Kinship of Nature" (1903), "The Friendship of Art" (1904), and "The Poetry of Life" (1905). "The Making of Personality," a fourth volume of essays, was published in 1908. These essays, although written more than twenty years ago, are as readable and as applicable to conditions of life to-day as then, and in style and language they are a pure delight.

In the year 1908 the poet took up his residence in New Canaan, Conn., a quiet retreat among the wooded hills, a little more than an hour's journey from New York, and since that time he has devoted himself almost wholly to poetry. In the year 1919, however, he suffered from a serious attack of lung trouble, which for the time gave much concern to his friends. But, happily, after a winter's rest and care in the Adirondacks, he recovered. Then with convalescence there followed a brief visit to the "pastures green" at the home of his old friend Peter McArthur, in Ekfrid.

McArthur was accustomed to the public platform, and during the months that followed the idea came to him that Carman might perhaps be persuaded to return to Ontario to give readings, in public, from his poems. Carman himself, always gentle and always modest as to his own work, was diffident. He did not understand why any-

## THE DAWNING'S TROUBADOUR

one could wish to hear him read his poems or should be willing to pay for the privilege of hearing him. But he was finally persuaded to appear for two evenings at the Ontario Agricultural College. These two recitals were so successful that arrangements were made to have him give readings in other Ontario towns and cities, and since then, happily for the literary public of Canada, he has returned several times to give lectures at Canadian universities and readings in various cities from coast to coast. As a result of these readings and lectures Carman has become better known both in person and through his poetry than any other Canadian poet. These readings have, moreover, been a source of inspiration and instruction to the public at large. People who did not know that we have a Canadian literature, discovered it through Carman and he has been, in a sense, a pathfinder for other Canadian poets.

Carman's poetry is, for the most part, simple and direct, and even the unlettered man or woman can enjoy its melody and felicity of phrase, and can appreciate the poet's thought and feeling. In some of his poems, scenes and objects in nature are portrayed because of their own loveliness; in others they are described because of the feelings they inspire,—the lure of unknown roads, the call of half-heard voices, the mystery of spiritual presences, to which the term "mystical" is often applied. He is the poet not only of sensuous beauty but

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

of human emotions, of hopes and regrets and memories, expressed in lovely words. He sings of "the virtues that gladden and glorify life."

Of Carman himself it would be a delight to write at length, if a more personal sketch were permitted,—of his generous kindly spirit, his serenity, his modesty, his quiet and quaint humour, and, above all, of his philosophy of life. Of that philosophy it would be difficult to find a better summing up than he himself has given in the closing sentence of one of his essays:

"To act with sincerity, with ease, and unfailing graciousness; to add ever so little to the store of gaiety; to relieve the monotony of work; to soothe unconquerable sorrow; to go lightly and pleasantly across the boards, and leave a sense of elation and good-nature as we pass; this is the method to make us not regret our exit, and, what is more to the purpose, this is the sort of play to make our fellows the happier for our acting, however small the part."

It is a philosophy that does not make its high priests rich in a worldly sense; and in the rough and tumble of modern business life there are few who practise it. But Carman is one of those who have "made their fellows the happier by their acting," and in the world of letters and of life he has played a part that is in no wise small.

*From Fort Garry, West*

HAVE enjoyed my life, all of it," said Agnes C. Laut recently. "It becomes more interesting all the time."

It has been the sort of life that a woman with heart and intellect and a sense of adventure should enjoy. Early childhood in Ontario; girlhood in Winnipeg in the most stirring time in the history of Manitoba, the time of the Riel rebellion; a brief experience as a school-teacher on the prairie; the strenuous work of editorial writer and special correspondent; Labrador by mail-boat, and from the Peace River over the Rockies by aeroplane; the plunge into the maelstrom of New York journalism; the barter of the magazine and book market in Canada and the United States; and a retreat in a quiet village among the Berkshires, with home and friends and happy inspiration,—these are experiences, one and all to be enjoyed.

Of the period of Miss Laut's early childhood in Ontario there is little to say. She was one of a large family of boys and girls. Her father, Mr. John Laut, was a merchant, originally from Glasgow, and his wife was a daughter of Principal George of Queen's University, Kingston. At the

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

time of Miss Laut's birth the family were living in Huron County, in the township of Stanley, but a few years later they removed to Winnipeg.

In the early eighties Winnipeg was little more than a mere trading-post, the gateway to a vast, unexplored unknown west. When the half-breed trappers and voyageurs came into Winnipeg from the Northwest in the spring, with their dog-trains and sleds of furs, the imagination of the young girl was stirred. And in 1885 when the second Riel rebellion took place, she was thrilled with the excitement of the hour,—especially when boys scarcely older than herself ran away from school one by one to join the volunteers.

She began at this time to take an interest in the history of the new west. History then, as now, was often taught by unimaginative teachers from dull text-books and colourless notes, and the pupil, to use Miss Laut's vigorous phrase, was "stuffed with accursed dates." But fortunately, by a happy chance, the opportunity came for her to read the fascinating story of the western settlement for herself. One day, when she was thirteen or fourteen years of age, she happened to see, in a half-breed's house on the flats, a copy of Gunn's History of the Selkirk Settlement, and she longed to possess it. There were only twenty copies of the book in print, for the first edition had been destroyed by fire; but Mrs. Matheson, the wife of the Bishop, managed to secure the book for her, and the coveted

## FROM FORT GARRY, WEST

treasure became her own. History itself was in the making under her eyes, and this volume gave her the background which was needed to make the story complete. Thereafter she read everything that she could find concerning the Selkirk Settlement, and studied government documents relating to it, until the Selkirk country began at length to have a real significance for her.

She had before this time entered High School, and a curious sort of school life it was; for students in medicine and in law, grown men, took part of their first year work in High School, in the same classes with mere boys and girls. When she left High School she went at once to the Normal School, but she was only fifteen when she completed her teacher's course, and she was not granted her certificate because she was under age. However, she undertook to act as substitute in a prairie school, for a sick friend. There were in the school, twenty boys and half a dozen girls, nearly all older than herself, and when they first saw the slight girl that had been sent to them they were disappointed. But besides covering the required courses she taught them football and cricket and in her spare moments she "coached" the older pupils in their weaker subjects. This teaching experience lasted only three months; but in spite of hardships, it was a very happy time.

Later on, Miss Laut taught in Winnipeg for two years, after which she proceeded with her

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

course in the University. But her health was delicate, and at the end of her second year she was advised that she must discontinue her studies and live as much as possible out of doors.

In the meantime the history of the West continued to exercise a strong fascination over her; and at the same time she was also becoming more and more interested in questions relating to European politics. It was about this time that she began to write, and she sent one of her articles, an editorial on the subject of an alliance between France and England, to the editor of the "Free Press." He wrote asking her to come to see him. When she entered his office, up three flights of stairs, he laid down his scissors and looked at her, "Too young," he said. "That article was admirable, but you must wait till you have more experience."

But she did not have long to wait. Before the summer was over she was telegraph editor and assistant editorial writer on the staff of the "Free Press." Soon after this she was sent on a trip as far west as the Rockies, and her imagination was stirred by the vision of the untold wealth in the boundless coal-fields of the Crow's Nest area. She wrote the "story" of it in two long articles and sent it off to the New York "Evening Post" but was too lacking in confidence to sign her name. But when she got back to Winnipeg some days later, imagine her thrill of delight when she heard her "story" coming over the wires of the Associated

## FROM FORT GARRY, WEST

Press. She had entered the greater world of journalism,—incognito, and she was now contributing to the Manitoba “Free Press” via New York.

She remained three years on the Manitoba “Free Press,” then spent nearly two years in what she herself describes as a “tramp life,” visiting Labrador, among other places, and contributing articles to the New York “Evening Post,” the London “Graphic,” the Montreal “Herald” and other periodicals. In the intervals of travel she wrote her first novel “The Lords of the North,” a story of the bitter fight between the Hudson Bay Company and the Nor’ Westers. It was published in 1900, and before she was thirty she found herself famous as a novelist. Two years later her second novel, “Heralds of Empire,” appeared. But by this time she had come to realize that history itself could be made more fascinating when written in direct form than in the garb of fiction; and she turned from the writing of novels to tell the romantic story of the Great West and its explorers. “The Pathfinders of the West” (1904) is the romance of western exploration and discovery, and is the first of a long series of similar “histories” which continue the story of the great Northwest. There is no other writer who is so familiar with the history of Western Canada, and no one has presented it in so fascinating a form as she.

Miss Laut’s literary style is the outgrowth of her wide reading of the great historians, and of

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

her own keen imagination and her feeling for the dramatic and the picturesque. When asked how she had learned to write, Miss Laut replied that she had been "brought up on the dictionary and on Crabbe's 'Synonyms,'" and she added that, as a child, through familiarity with the great classics, the Bible, and Shakespeare, and "Paradise Lost," she had learned to appreciate the dignity of the English language. "Besides, from the time I was twenty years old," continued Miss Laut, "I was bumping up against reality; farmers, miners, pioneers, half-breeds, navvies,—history was being made by these men before my eyes, and I simply described what I saw and felt. I was never conscious of trying to cultivate style in writing. I found English a delightful study."

In 1901 Miss Laut, with her parents and sisters, went to live in New York State, and since then she has made her home in the picturesque little village of Wassaic, among the Berkshires, some eighty miles from New York. There were two reasons for this change of residence,—the necessity for a high and dry climate to fight a tendency to weakness of the lungs; and, on the other hand, the advantage of being in close touch with the literary market. During the war Miss Laut became interested in economic and financial questions, in the service of the Allies; and since then both she and her readers have come to realize that there is high romance in figures as well as in his-

## FROM FORT GARRY, WEST

tory. At the close of the war certain interests in Wall Street sent her to Mexico to investigate and report on conditions there, as they affected American finance; and since then she has written numerous articles on economic problems.

But aside from her studies in history and in social and economic conditions Miss Laut has many other interests that have helped to make life enjoyable: an interest in people in real life as well as in history,—and her friends are legion; an interest in home and community; an interest in out-door life and nature, in birds and flowers and trees and all wild creatures; an interest in historical records and mementoes of travel, of which she has a valuable collection; an interest in conditions everywhere that affect human happiness; and at the same time she has a special interest in the occult and mystical. When history and high finance begin to pall on her, she turns, as a bit of light bedside reading, to the philosophy and mysticism of the East.

Needless to say, in spite of her long residence in the State of New York, Miss Laut has never lost interest in Canada, especially Western Canada, where a host of friends and relatives still live. She has a summer home in Jasper Park, to which she returns every year, and for part of the year at least she breathes the atmosphere of the country which she loves best—of all countries the most romantic,—the Canadian West.



## VIII

### *Out of the North Country*



N a slope of the Rosedale Ravine in Toronto, a short distance from the busy corner of Bloor and Yonge, there stands a low, rambling, unpainted shack. For several winters the back part of this shack was used as a combined living-room and studio by Tom Thomson, the painter of northern Ontario landscapes. Tom Thomson is now acknowledged to have been one of our greatest Canadian artists, but his work was then not so well-known as it now is. He had, it is true, exhibited for a number of years at the annual exhibitions of the Ontario Society of Artists, and a number of his pictures had been purchased by the Provincial and the Dominion Governments; and to the group of younger artists who had broken away from the traditional methods of painting, both "Tom" himself and his pictures were objects of interest. But the general public knew only vaguely that there were a number of younger painters, of whom Tom Thomson was one, whose methods were new and daring, and whose pictures were the object of ridicule by certain artists and critics of the older school.

But to the few artists and critics who knew Tom

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Thomson more intimately, he was, even aside from his pictures, a man of unusual qualities. His manner of life and his habits of work were not those of the conventional artist of the studio. In the city he was ill at ease, and although he was pleased when the public showed appreciation of his work, he himself shrank from publicity. He had come, no one exactly knows how, under the spell of the northland, and eight months of the year were spent in the solitudes of Algonquin Park or the highlands farther north. Only those who have lived in the north country know the fascination which it holds for those who have become familiar with it. It is a wild and picturesque country, a country of lonely trails, of torrents and waterfalls, of rocky islands and dimpling lakes, a land of glowing sunlight and mysterious glooms, the country of the Indian and the habitant and of the lonely camper who has fallen under its spell. But in this country Tom Thomson was among familiar haunts. He was an expert woodsman, skilled in the use of the paddle and the rifle and the fisherman's snare; and in the lore of the forest no half-breed or Indian could excel him.

But to those who knew his methods of work, Tom Thomson was even more interesting as an artist than as a woodsman. He had had little training in the technique of his art. His boyhood was passed on a farm near Owen Sound. After leaving school he took some lessons in drawing, and he

## OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY



Tom Thomson.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

was later employed by the Grip Engraving Company of Toronto. His earlier paintings produced at this time were full of defects; but, defective as they were, they attracted the attention of one of the younger artists, Mr. A. Y. Jackson. Jackson had the academic training as an artist which Tom Thomson lacked, but on the other hand Thomson possessed qualities in which Jackson was deficient. Dr. James McCallum, who was a friend of both artists, arranged that they should spend the summer sketching together among the islands of the Georgian Bay and in Algonquin Park. It was with this summer of 1913 that Tom Thomson's career really began.

For the rapid development of Tom Thomson through the few years that were left to him it is difficult to find a parallel; but the explanation is simple. The qualities of the great artist were there, and it needed only a hint as to materials and method to enable him to develop his powers to the full. He instinctively knew what would make a picture and how to compose it; and he was quick and accurate in execution. He was a faithful observer, and he strove to paint what he saw, sincerely and truthfully. He had an exceptional eye for colour, and was not trammelled by the traditions of the older schools. But above all, he had the true artist's feeling for the scenes which he tried to paint. The northland fascinated him; and, reserved and

## OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

uncommunicative in ordinary speech, he put his soul into his canvas.

One of the most amazing things about Tom Thomson was his range of subjects. There was nothing in this picturesque northland which he did not try to paint. The mysterious glooms of the forest at night, the gleam of the camper's fire in the darkness, the flash of lightning in the storm, moonlight on lake and river, the gorgeous pageant of a northern sunset, the scarlet of the maple, the white birch, the yellow of last season's tamarack, the old gold of the fallen leaves, the woods veiled in soft mist by the falling snow, the lone pine tree rocked by the wind, the reflection of lichen-coloured rock in the deep silent pools of the river, the red light of sunset on the bare pine trunks,—in other painters the attempt to paint these things would have been sheer audacity, but to Tom Thomson these sketches were merely a record of familiar things.

And his colour! All gradations of tone and colour are there,—grays of the water-laden snow, the fresh greens and delicate pinks of early Spring, clear yellows and crimsons, glimpses of vivid blue of the sky, the deep purples of twilight, and the old gold of the forest floor. The critics of the older school tried to ridicule his pictures as impossible or untrue, but Tom Thomson cared little for these criticisms. He painted the colours of the north coun-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

try as he saw them, and he verified them by repeated observation.

One of the most astonishing things about his pictures was that they were painted almost without effort. With most artists the making of a study is a painstaking process that demands infinite care and that sometimes covers a period of many days and even weeks. But the sketches of Tom Thomson were done with the greatest ease. He painted from two to six complete sketches in the course of a day; and on the day when he painted "The Sand Hill" he carried with him his rifle, a dead fox, a number of partridges, and three finished sketches which he had completed off-hand.

The Spring and Fall were spent chiefly in sketching; but in the summer months when the flies became a torment and the forest leaves became denser, his paint and brushes were laid aside while he explored new stretches of country and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the camper's life. In all his comings and goings he mingled little with people, and to most people who chanced to come his way he was an object of curious interest. In the late autumn, with the coming of frosts and snows that froze the streams and blocked the trails, he returned regretfully to his shack in the city, and rejoined "the fellows," who were always eager to welcome him home, and curious to see what new work he had done.

Thus full three years passed; and then in the  
[ 76 ]

## OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

midsummer of 1917 there came the end, so sudden, so tragic, so mysterious and unexplainable, at a time when his best and happiest work was being accomplished. To his stunned and bewildered friends there came word one day that his canoe had been found floating in Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park; and a week later his body was recovered from the lake, and brought back for burial at his boyhood home near Owen Sound.

On the shore of Canoe Lake where he met his death, a cairn of stones has been erected in his memory; and, for those of future generations who follow these northern trails, it is well that they should know that a great Canadian artist loved these northern lakes and gave up his life in their waters. But to others, the favoured few perhaps, who have come under the spell of his art and have learned something of his story, there need be no other monument than his own works, in which, all unconsciously but none the less sincerely, he has helped to shape the beginnings of native Canadian art.



## IX

*Great Moments*

N June, 1916, the Exposition year, the "Electra" of Sophocles was presented in the open-air theatre at Berkeley, California, under the auspices of the Musical and Dramatic Society of the University. It was a unique performance. The theatre itself is a restoration of the Greek theatre of Epidaurus, dating from the fourth century B.C., and was a gift to the University of California from Mr. W. R. Hearst. The stage is set in a natural amphitheatre, with tiers of stone seats rising one above the other in a semi-circle along the hillside; and the whole is framed in a grove of eucalyptus trees. The performance of "Electra" took place at night, under the stars, before an audience of nine thousand people.

The play was staged under the direction of Miss Margaret Anglin, the distinguished Canadian actress, who herself played in the title-role. For her the presentation of the play was the fulfilment of a dream. "The Greek tragedies," she has been quoted as saying, "are for great moments, for the heights." For her as well as for her audience the presentation of "Electra" was one of these great

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

moments, and for her in particular it was a triumph of creative art.

Canadians have always looked upon the successes of Margaret Anglin with especial pride, and have rejoiced in her triumphs on the stage; for, in a sense, she is peculiarly our own. At the time of her birth her father, the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, was Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and she had the distinction of being born in the Speaker's Apartments in the Parliament Buildings. If any Canadian actress has the right divine to hold the stage as a representative of Canada, it is surely she.

Her training for the stage dates back to early girlhood. As a young child she learned by heart whole passages from Shakespeare, and when Mrs. Scott Siddons gave a matinee of dramatic readings in Ottawa, even as a girl of ten Margaret Anglin resolved that she too would become a reader and reciter. Two years later when Julia Marlowe came to Ottawa and appeared as Viola in "Twelfth Night," the ambition of her young admirer was kindled still further. But alas! soon afterwards she was sent to a boarding-school; and for the next few years she was forced to give her attention to the prosaic routine of school studies.

But when school days came to an end, the old ambition revived. Her one desire was to become a Shakespearean reader; and in order to gratify her ambition her parents sent her to New York

## GREAT MOMENTS

to obtain the necessary training. For a time she attended Nelson Wheatcroft's dramatic school; and while she was a pupil here, there came to her a new inspiration. Irving and Ellen Terry came to New York and the young girl, with dreams of becoming a famous reader, succumbed to the charm of Terry, because Terry made her characters live. From this time forward she no longer wished to read, but to act.

Her opportunity came unexpectedly. Mr. Charles Frohman of the Empire Theatre, always in search of new talent, offered to give an engagement to the student who ranked highest in the work of the school, and Margaret Anglin was chosen. Her first engagement was in a revival of "Shenandoah." The next season she played the part of Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice," and during the third season she played the part of Ophelia in the company of that eminent actor Mr. James O'Neill, the father of Eugene O'Neill, the famous playwright.

"My child," said Mr. O'Neill to her one day, "you must continue to play Shakespeare. You have the Irish sea in your voice." If she had had her own choice she would, without any doubt, have continued to play Shakespeare; and later in her career the characters of Rosalind, and Viola, and Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," were among her favourite parts. But an actress must consider her public; and although she excelled in Shakes-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

pearean character, it was in the roles of modern heroines in great emotional plays such as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Green Stockings," "The Awakening of Helen Ritchie" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence" that she won her greatest popular success. She aimed to make the very utmost of any part she undertook, and her versatility and range may well be described as "amazing." Within ten years during the mid-period of her career, she appeared in more than thirty different roles!

During her first few years on the stage she was associated with such well-known actors as James O'Neill, Richard Mansfield, and E. H. Sothern; but when her reputation became established she undertook the formation of her own company and staged her own plays. She was an indefatigable worker. Every detail of the production came under her personal supervision,—costumes, scene-painting, furnishings, electrical effects, orchestra; and from these she turned with undiminished energy to her rehearsals. One of the secrets of her success in these productions lay in her unerring good taste, and, above all things, in her insistence on simplicity of form and design. It was this quality that helped to make the presentation of her Greek revivals so effective. But, needless to say, her success as an actress is dependent upon more purely personal qualities,—the clear brain to interpret, the power to feel the part which she acts, and the ability to make her characters and scenes live

## GREAT MOMENTS

for her audience through eye and voice and charm of form and movement.

The life of an actor or an actress is, by its very nature, one of intense activity and of frequent change; and it would be tedious for the reader to try to follow in detail the career of a successful actress such as Miss Anglin. But there are highlights, "great moments," to record. There was the memorable trip to Australia in 1908, in which she acted to overflowing houses in Melbourne, playing the parts of Viola and Katharine with the theatre crowded to the roof; and, the year after, there followed a trip around the world. The year 1910 was an outstanding year because it marked a new departure in her work, in her revivals of Greek drama. The important event of the next year was her marriage, when in private life she ceased to be Margaret Anglin and became Mrs. Howard Hull. In the year 1913 she made her first great tour of the Western States, under her own management. Two years later there followed her triumphs in Greek drama in the open-air theatre at Berkeley,—one of her greatest moments. "In Greek tragedy, on a Greek theatre, beneath the stars,—is not that enough to exalt one?"

At different times Miss Anglin has played in Canada, in plays by Oscar Wilde, Somerset Maugham, and others, as well as in Shakespearean répertoire; and she still has family ties in the Dominion. The Hon. F. A. Anglin, Chief-Justice of

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Canada, and Mr. A. W. Anglin, K.C., of Toronto, are brothers. It was, then, as one of ourselves, and not as a stranger, that she returned to Canada in this Jubilee year to share with us in our rejoicings; and it was a happy inspiration that she should have been chosen to read the Confederation Ode, as a part of the programme of Confederation Day. For those Canadians from sea to sea, who were privileged, through the magic of the radio, to hear her voice, this was one of their "great moments."

## X

*New Visions and Brave Ventures*

NE afternoon in the year 1873 two visitors, father and son, were shown into the office of "The Colonial Farmer" in Fredericton. They were the Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, at that time rector of the parish of Westcock, and his twelve year old son Charles,—the latter a rosy-cheeked lad in shepherd's plaid breeches, velveteen jacket and Scotch bonnet.

The editor greeted them cordially, and thanked Mr. Roberts warmly for the excellent agricultural articles which he had recently contributed to "The Colonial Farmer." But Mr. Roberts at once made it clear that he had had nothing to do with these articles, and with pardonable pride pointed to the twelve year old lad who accompanied him, as the author. But instead of praising the boy for his ability, the editor, who perhaps felt that he had been "taken in" by a mere school-boy, grunted his displeasure and abruptly changed the subject. The title of the three articles were, "Grade Cattle for Upland Farms," "Composts for Upland Farms" and "The Houdan Fowl for Small Farms." In this humble and somewhat inauspicious way did

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Charles G. D. Roberts begin his career as an author. Had the editor of "The Colonial Farmer" been able to look into the future, he might perhaps not have grunted at his "esteemed contributor."

The author's birthplace was Douglas, a small village not far from Fredericton, but when Charles was a mere child his father removed to Westcock, a village at the head of the Bay of Fundy, at the mouth of the river Tantramar.

"River of hubbub, raucous Tantramar;"

and the parsonage farm at Westcock was the "up-land farm" on which Roberts as a boy gained his experience with farm animals. Westcock was situated in the midst of a rolling country, with high uplands and wooded hills, and spacious views; and at the mouth of the Tantramar great marshes and vast grass-lands stretched for miles and miles. It was in the woods and waters of Tantramar that Roberts first came to love the out-of-doors, and learned to know the ways of birds and animals and other forms of wild life. Of formal education at Westcock he had very little,—only a few months in a dame school; but his father gave him a grounding in sound scholarship such as few boys are privileged to receive.

When Charles was fourteen, the elder Roberts became rector of the parish of Fredericton, and Charles entered the Fredericton Collegiate School. Here he was fortunate in coming under the influ-

NEW VISIONS AND BRAVE VENTURES



Charles G. D. Roberts.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

ence of a stimulating teacher, the late Sir George R. Parkin, who was able to inspire his students with his own great love of the classics. While he was still at High School he was already writing serious verse; and some of the most ambitious of his early poems, including his "Orion," were composed between his sixteenth and eighteenth years. But he was, at the same time, keenly interested in life out of doors. He excelled in sports, and for a time held the record for the hundred yards' dash; and most of his spare time was spent in canoeing and fishing, and in exploring the woods and waters within reach of his home. And it was during these years of sturdy boyhood and youth that he developed his iron muscle and his marvellous physique. The poet's father was a strong man physically as well as intellectually, and he taught his son, even as a boy, to perform many remarkable feats of physical strength.

In 1876 Roberts graduated from the Collegiate with the Douglas medal in classics, and three years later he took his degree from the University of New Brunswick, with honours in political economy and philosophy. Immediately after graduation he became principal of the Chatham Grammar School,—a headmaster at nineteen years of age! But sound scholarship, an equable and kindly temper, and a muscle of iron, form a combination which is proof against troubles in discipline; and added to these, his own natural gifts made him an admirable

## NEW VISIONS AND BRAVE VENTURES

teacher. During these years of study and teaching he was steadily adding to the number of his poems, and when he was in his twentieth year his first volume was published, under the title of "Orion and Other Poems." But he had in the meantime taken another very important step. At the age of nineteen he was married, to Miss Mary Isabel Fenety of Fredericton.

Three years later he gave up teaching in order to become editor of "The Week," a new literary journal founded by Goldwin Smith and published in Toronto. But the position proved uncongenial, and at the end of four months he withdrew from the editorship and returned to Fredericton to engage in free-lance journalism. Short as was his period of office as editor of "The Week," he is still remembered gratefully by many writers to whom he gave encouragement in authorship.

In the year 1885 he was appointed Professor of English Literature in the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, a position which he held for ten years. In that delightful volume "The Book of Roberts," written by the poet's son, Lloyd Roberts, a charming picture is given, from the boy's point of view, of these old King's College days.

For Roberts it was a period of happy work and inspiration. The most strenuous of his tasks was the preparation of a History of Canada, which was designed as a text-book for schools. This intimate

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

study of Canadian history gave him the inspiration not only for a number of his poems, but for those of his novels that have an historical background. The first of these novels, "A Forge in the Forest," was written during the King's College period. Another notable volume was "Earth's Enigmas," a series of short stories which had previously appeared in various magazines. Among these stories are several which may be considered as the fore-runners of the long series of animal stories which appeared during succeeding years.

But the most important product of this period was his poetry. Three volumes were published within a little more than ten years: "In Divers Tones" (1886), "Songs of the Common Day" (1893), and "The Book of the Native" (1896),—all written before the poet had reached the age of thirty-five. In these poems the fine poetic qualities of Roberts' work are seen at their best. The poet has since travelled so many roads and proved himself the master in so many and such varied forms of prose and verse that the exquisite lyrics which are contained in these earlier volumes are sometimes overlooked. But the poet who could write a sonnet such as "The Sower," or an infinitely tender lyric such as "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea" or a perfect ballad such as "The Laughing Sally" or poems of such high quality as "Recessional" and "Autochthon," need have no anxiety as to his ultimate place in the realm of English letters.

## NEW VISIONS AND BRAVE VENTURES

In 1895 Roberts resigned his position in King's College, in order that he might devote his whole time to literature; and from this time forward, although he still maintained his residence in Canada, he was engaged for a part of each year in journalism in New York. Of his life during this period there are few outstanding events to record; but during the next few years his output is amazing. So great, indeed, is the number of books that he published during the fifteen or twenty succeeding years, that even the attempt to list them would prove wearisome to the reader. He wrote nearly a score of novels and longer stories and published volume after volume of animal stories. Roberts was the creator of this type of story, and he was fortunate in having such a wealth of experience of outdoor life from which to draw for his material.

During his New York period Roberts also published two new volumes of poems, "New York Nocturnes" and "The Book of the Rose," and in 1907 a complete edition of his poems was published. But this "complete" edition does not contain all of his poems. Two additional volumes have since been published, "New Poems" (1919) and "A Vagrant of Time" (1927).

While he was still on the staff of King's College, Roberts had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada; and in the year 1906 a further honour came to him when his Alma Mater, the

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

University of New Brunswick, conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him.

Beginning with the year 1907, Roberts spent several years in Europe,—in France, Germany and Italy; but in 1911 he took up his residence in London, England. When the Great War broke out he enlisted as a private in the Legion of Frontiersmen; and although now over fifty years of age, he was assigned the task of training cavalry remounts. Promotion came to him rapidly, and before the close of the war he had attained the rank of Major. After the Armistice he remained in the army for six months, and during this time he wrote the Third Volume of “*Canada in Flanders*”, the official record of Canada’s part in the Great War.

In 1925, after his long sojourn abroad Roberts returned to Canada and during the same winter he delivered lectures and gave readings from his poems in various cities throughout the Dominion. Since then he has, happily, again taken up his permanent residence here, and is actively engaged in literary work.

Since the afternoon in the early seventies when the twelve year old lad in the Scotch bonnet sat with his father in the office of “*The Colonial Farmer*,” many long years—almost a full lifetime—have passed. Time has brought to the poet a rich experience and a wide knowledge of the world, as well as ripe scholarship and keen critical judgment;

## NEW VISIONS AND BRAVE VENTURES

but in all essential qualities Roberts still remains as youthful as in the old King's College days. He still possesses the same strong physical frame, lithe and alert as ever; he is still the same generous companionable spirit that charmed the friends of his younger days, and he still displays the eagerness and the enthusiasm of youth. "Mens sana in corpore sano." And with Roberts it will be ever the same. A mind so keen and alert as his, so sensitive to beauty, so alive to new experiences, so eager to taste life to the full, will not be content with past achievements, however satisfying they may appear to others. For him there will always be "new visions and brave ventures."

"At the crest of the hill I shall hail the new summits  
to climb;  
The demand of my vision shall beggar the largess of  
time;  
For I know that the higher I press, the wider I view,  
The more's to be ventured and visioned in worlds that  
are new."



## *“Laughter Holding Both His Sides”*

“ Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides.”

—Milton.



UMOUR rather than wrath!” When Stephen Leacock was a master in Upper Canada College, Toronto, a boy in one of his classes annoyed him greatly by persisting in chewing paper and throwing it up to the ceiling. One morning Mr. Leacock went into the room carrying a pile of foolscap, stopped at the boy’s desk, and said, “You need paper; you haven’t enough of it to sustain you; now go into the corner and take a good meal.” The boy protested, but, as Mr. Leacock says in relating the incident, “The other boys saw the joke and I had public opinion on my side. He went into the corner with the foolscap and never bothered me again.”

Since then Mr. Leacock has, with “humour rather than wrath,” stood many different types of people up in a corner to realize their own absurdities. The newly-rich, The Big Business man, the pedant, the club bore, the politician, the faddist, the pretentious quack, and multitudes of others are “stood up” in a corner while Leacock turns the searchlight of his fun-making upon their weaknesses. All

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

classes of society are caricatured with a sort of benign levity which reveals their faults and foibles, their vanities and inconsistencies, their prejudices and their shams. The state, education, the novel, the drama, are all targets for his shafts of ridicule and with "humour rather than wrath," by wit rather than by denunciation, this one-time schoolmaster scores his points with the larger public as he once did in the schoolroom.

Stephen Leacock came to Canada from England with his parents in 1875, when he was six years of age. He was brought up on a farm near Lake Simcoe, Ontario, where, as a boy, he learned the necessity of hard work. He received his early education at Upper Canada College, and distinguished himself as head boy in 1889. At the University of Toronto he took the Arts course in Modern Languages, and as a senior he wrote humorous skits for "*'Varsity*." After his graduation in 1891, he taught languages in Upper Canada College for eight years, an experience which led him, in later years, to write of teaching as the "drearliest, worst paid and most thankless" of the professions.

In 1899 Leacock went to the University of Chicago to study political science. He won a fellowship in his chosen subject and in 1903 received a Ph.D. degree. Soon after this he was appointed a lecturer in political economy in McGill University, Montreal, and with his wife, for he had married while at Chicago, he settled in Montreal, where

## LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES

he has made his home ever since. In due time he became head of his department.

Leacock's first appearance in the book lists was in 1906, when his "Elements of Political Science" was published. This book, of course, was a college text book; but his "Baldwin and Lafontaine," which came out the next year in the "Makers of Canada" series, was of more general interest. These two works showed Leacock to be a scholar and thinker with a fine power of clear expression. His scholarship was soon recognized in other quarters. In 1907 the Cecil Rhodes Trust chose him to give lectures throughout the British Empire on imperial organization. Leacock himself facetiously says of this tour, "When I state that these lectures were followed almost immediately by the Union of South Africa, the Banana Riots in Trinidad, and the Turko-Italian war, I think you can form some idea of their importance."

A few years after Leacock had published his first two volumes, it occurred to him that the various humorous articles which he had written might be collected into book form. A Toronto newspaper had published the first of these, a skit entitled, "A, B, and C—the human element in mathematics." Other sketches had appeared in "Saturday Night"—and in such periodicals as "Life," "Puck," and "Truth." But Leacock's publisher was not interested in the proposed book and the author had it printed as a private undertaking, under the title,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

“Literary Lapses.” Within two months, three thousand copies were sold, and soon the book was taken over by a prominent English publisher. These humorous sketches, dealing with experiences that are common to all, secured for Leacock a wide audience; and from 1910, when “Literary Lapses” appeared, he has supplied the demand for his mirth-making at the rate of a book almost every year, and he has become internationally known as a foremost writer of wit and humour.

Of all Leacock’s humorous books,—and he has written almost a score of them—“Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town” is perhaps the best example. In others of his books Leacock provokes laughter by parody and caricature, by what “Punch” calls his “satirical sniping,” or by his care-free nonsense, but in “Sunshine Sketches” there is also creative humour. A typical Ontario town and its people, in the sunshine of the author’s genial humour at its best, is drawn so true to life that a hundred little towns might claim to be the model for the picture. Though the portrayal is not wholly flattering, there is sympathy as well as discernment in Leacock’s characterization, and the laughter he excites is cheering and wholesome and without sting.

But Leacock the jester has not at any time submerged Leacock the scholar and don. Prolific as he has been in the production of humorous books, he has not failed to contribute valuable studies

## LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES

upon more serious subjects. Two years after "Sunshine Sketches" was published, his "Adventurers of the Far North" appeared in The Chronicles of Canada series; and a year later "The Mariner of St. Malo" and "The Dawn of Canadian History," both noteworthy achievements, were added to the same series. "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice" published in 1920 is an earnest survey of the problems developed by the war, a book in which neither Leacock the scholar, nor Leacock the humorist, is uppermost, but Leacock the man, sensitive to the sufferings of human beings and seeking a solution. There is nothing of the socialist in his conclusions, but in the closing chapter he says, "The chief immediate direction of social effort should be towards the attempt to give every human being, in childhood, adequate food, clothing, education, and an opportunity in life."

Besides his success as a professor of political economy, in which he is an authority, and as an author, Leacock has made a reputation as a popular lecturer. He has appeared in many parts of the United States as well as in Canada, and in 1921 he lectured throughout England, where he attracted a great deal of attention.

When he is not in Europe, Leacock spends his summers in Ontario, on the lower end of Lake Couchiching, at Orillia. Here in the commodious summer home that has grown up from a simple cottage he plays,—and works.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

To most people it seems extraordinary that a serious professor of economics, which Carlyle called the "dismal science," should become eminent as a humorist as well. Lewis Carroll taught mathematics and wrote "Alice in Wonderland." And may it not be that a man who, in his graver moments, must face steadily the stupendous riddle of social inequalities and injustices, needs to find in laughter a refuge, in fun a forgetfulness. To call a "truce with reason" and give ourselves up to nonsense is sometimes our only safety, and this Leacock enables us to do, so bringing us "deliverance from captivity."

*“In My Own Country”*

THE tall spire of a white church stands out against a green hill far beyond; a grey ribbon of road winds up and away over the hill. About the church, which is on the other side of a stream, are clustered picturesque French-Canadian houses. Thus the village of Arthabaska in southern Quebec, appears to one standing on the hill-top to the south. Entering, one follows a short street which seems to half sleep in the warm June sunshine. Here, at the right, a passing villager points out a large old house standing well back under fine old trees, the home, for many years, of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Crossing this street, a few yards further on, is the main-travelled road to Quebec. In this street is another house which the villagers are equally proud to point out. It is the boyhood home of Aurèle Suzor-Coté, the most versatile artist that French Canada has produced. The curtains are drawn, the doors closed, and although all is in perfect order, it is obvious that the house is without occupants. The beloved mother, the centre and heart of the home is no longer living, and her devoted children have left all as it was in her life-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

time, until one of themselves shall one day return to spend here his life's closing hours. It was this mother and family, so closely bound together in family affection, and this little Quebec village spoken of by the painter as "my beloved village in the hills, where nature is always at her best," that drew Suzor-Coté back from Europe to Canada and held him there.

Aurèle Suzor-Coté was born in 1870, one of the youngest of a family of ten. The name Suzor came from his mother's family, who were from Bièvres, France, and among whom there were, generations back, many architects and designers. His paternal ancestors were from Brittany.

The boy's earliest education was given him by the Frères du Sacré Coeur in their school in Arthabaska. He was not a particularly brilliant student in general academic subjects, but he was outstanding in the drawing classes. "This one will surely be an artist," said his drawing teacher, Friar Nepocien, one day, as he looked over the boy's shoulder at his drawing-board.

He left school to take a position with a firm of house decorators in Montreal. When the firm wished to provide a fresco for a church interior which they were employed to decorate, they discovered that this youth from Arthabaska could draw figures of considerable merit. Soon he was

IN MY OWN COUNTRY



A. Suzor-Coté.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

busy painting angels and saints and martyrs for little churches all over Quebec, at five dollars a day.

But this richly endowed youth had another outstanding gift, a beautiful resonant voice. He could sing as well as he could draw; and much as he loved painting, he decided to become a singer. He was barely twenty when it became possible for him to go to Paris to study. He was admitted to the Conservatoire, and after two years' hard work, in which he made remarkable progress, he was about to enter the Opera Comique as a professional singer. But an illness which he suffered at this juncture affected his throat so seriously that, to his great disappointment, all thought of a career as a professional vocalist had to be given up.

But his first love, painting, beckoned him, and within a week of his recovery he was enrolled as an art student. A period of careful training followed, fraught with certain hardships, but also full of the gayety characteristic of student life. In 1894 his picture, "Une Interieure en Normandie" was admitted to the Paris Salon, the first of many honours to follow. Four years later he won the grand prize for a competitive picture with his "Death of Archimedes"; in 1900 he was awarded a medal at L'Exposition Universelle, Paris; and in the following year he was singled out for distinction by the French government, which made him an officer of the Academie.

After five years of hard steady work, the artist

## IN MY OWN COUNTRY

began those extensive travels from which he says he learned more than from teachers. He visited England and Scotland, Spain, Belgium, and Holland, and journeyed even to Algeria.

But all his study and travel only deepened his appreciation of his own land and his love for his own people. In the year 1908 he returned to Canada and to his beloved native village, Arthabaska. , "When I feel, I can paint," he has said. "That is the great thing,—to have feeling. And always when I am in my own country, and among my own people, I have feeling and inspiration."

And "feeling and inspiration," in prodigal measure, has never failed this keen-minded artist. He has experienced in the landscape of his "own country" a delight that is richly expressed in his pictures. He has seen in the life of his "own people" an abundance of character to be interpreted by his brush. And then, as though canvas and paint could not sufficiently employ his overflowing power of expression, he has found in clay and bronze further outlet for his creative energy. As a sculptor he has produced works that are fully as important as his pictures. Vocalist, musician (for he plays the cello with more than amateur skill), writer (he has written essays of merit), painter and sculptor, —surely he is indeed a master of arts!

Not only has Suzor-Coté's genius enabled him to use more than one medium; it has led him to portray a wide variety of subjects. He has painted

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

great historical scenes such as "The Arrival of Jacques Cartier"; he has painted pure landscapes such as "Street in Arthabaskaville," "Winter Sunset," "Wet October Evening" and "Isolement," and he has in this field won international reputation for his snow scenes; he has painted figures with landscape background, such as "Youth and Sunlight"; he has painted highly successful portraits and he has had many commissions for mural decorations. Village streets, woods, streams, the smoke of Montreal; hunters, trappers, voyageurs, woodsmen, the blacksmith, the fisherman, the moccasin-maker,—the subjects run the entire range of his "own country" and his "own people," and he sees beauty and character in all.

Suzor-Coté's first important sculpture was a piece called "The Canadian Trapper," in which an old French-Canadian is hauling through deep snow, a toboggan laden with furs. This has become well-known in Europe through its exhibition in the Salons of Paris. In his "Old Pioneer," an old man with a face which is full of character sits comfortably enjoying his pipe. A companion piece, "The Pioneer's Wife," shows an old woman seated in a rocking-chair knitting in unhurried contentment. "The Nun," "The Village Doctor," "Mother Moreau," the "Farmer," the "Reaper," the "Voyageur," the "Habitant," are other statuettes which show how sympathetic and penetrating is his understanding of Quebec types; and his imaginative

## IN MY OWN COUNTRY

portrait bust of Maria Chapdelaine is a work of the utmost charm.

Suzor-Coté has never married; devotion to his art has been his one great passion, his very life. Until his recent serious illness he has worked a part of every year in his studio in Montreal. But perhaps his happiest hours have been passed in his summer studio, which stands in the same grounds with his old home in Arthabaska, his "beloved village where Nature is always at her best."



## XIII

# *Music's Magic Spell*

"Pulse and cadence truth did tell,  
Vowed to music's magic spell."

  
HEN Duncan Campbell Scott, then a boy of seventeen, first entered the Civil Service in Ottawa as a clerk in the Department of Indian Affairs, he had no intention of remaining in that position. The appointment was a temporary one, and he accepted it merely as a means of earning money to enable him to continue his studies. His ambition was to study medicine, and he had in mind the possibility of engaging in practice with his uncle, who was a professor in McGill and a well-known physician in Montreal. But when his appointment was made permanent he decided to accept it, and gave up the idea of studying medicine. Had he become a physician, we may be sure that he would have been distinguished in his profession, but it is not at all likely that he would have become a poet.

In these years of early youth his absorbing passion was music. He loved poetry, but he had at that time no thought of attempting to write verse; and it is quite possible that he might have re-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

mained content with his music and his other interests if it had not been for the friendship that he formed in the early eighties with Archibald Lampman. Scott had been four years in the service when Lampman entered it, in 1883. The two young men were of the same age, and had much in common in their tastes; and they soon became intimate friends. Some of Lampman's poems had already been published, and it was his interest in poetry that gave Scott his first impulse to write. His first poem appeared in 1888. Thereafter while Lampman lived, he and Scott read their compositions to each other and each had the stimulus of the other's appreciation and criticism.

Up to the time when he began to write verse, Scott's life had been comparatively uneventful. His father, Rev. William Scott, was a native of Lincoln, England. He was a Methodist clergyman, and he was living in Ottawa at the time of the poet's birth. Scott's mother, Janet MacCallum, was Canadian-born, but of Highland Scotch descent. The boy was sent to school in Smith's Falls, and later to the Wesleyan Academy at Stanstead, Quebec; and in the meantime, at the age of fourteen he began the study of music. Then followed his appointment as clerk in the Department of Indian Affairs. The Department was then in process of organization, and it was an opportune time for a young man with business ability and ambition to enter it. For the young poet it was

## MUSIC'S MAGIC SPELL



Duncan Campbell Scott.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

doubly fortunate that he was attached to this Department, since it gave him access to a wealth of poetic material in Indian character and tradition. The business of the Department also made it necessary for him at times to visit the more remote and untravelled parts of Canada, and these romantic scenes were further sources of inspiration.

Scott's first volume of verse, entitled "The Magic House," was published in 1893, and at intervals during thirty years four other volumes were published: "New World Lyrics," "Lundy's Lane, and Other Poems," "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris," and "Beauty and Life." His poem on Lundy's Lane was the prize poem in the "Globe" contest of 1908. Scott did not compose freely, and these were all slender volumes of verse; but the complete edition, the "Poems" of 1926, is a volume of more than three hundred pages.

Throughout all of Scott's poetry the influence of the study of music is evident. Sometimes the theme of the poem itself is drawn from music. In some poems the changing metres and free rhythms, and even the very form and structure of the verse, are borrowed from musical compositions; and there is no poem in the volume that does not give evidence of an ear trained in the delicate cadences and harmonies of music. But as one reads, he feels, too, that the writer of this delicately fashioned verse might have been a painter, for in accuracy of detail, in imagery, in colour, in choice of word

## MUSIC'S MAGIC SPELL

or phrase, and in the composition of the poem as a whole, the picture is drawn as with the trained eye and deft touch of the painter. The effect of this mingling of music and art is to make the reader feel that here is something fresh and exquisite, something that stimulates his fancy and quickens his emotions in a new and delightful way. In all of Scott's poems there is restraint combined with intensity. There is little of the "first fine careless rapture" of youth, but the reader feels that the poet's emotion rises from hidden springs and that it is held in restraint by the natural reserve and fine critical taste of the poet.

In some of his poems there is sketched the outline of some scene or incident from Indian life; and here Scott shows himself a master in the art of telling a story. Others of his poems are expressions of moods aroused by unusual or impressive scenes in nature. Sometimes the theme of the poem is more slight,—a bird or a flower or other natural object, which is treated not for itself but because of the emotion or mood which it awakens. Other poems are the expression, in artistic form, of some passing reflection,—the thought, for instance, of the brevity of life and the passing of the years. Read, for example, the short poem entitled "Youth and Time":

Move not so lightly, Time, away,  
Grant us a breathing-space of tender ruth;  
Deal not so harshly with the flying day,  
Leave us the charm of spring, the touch of youth.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Leave us the lilacs wet with dew,  
Leave us the balsams odorous with rain,  
Leave us of frail hepaticas a few,  
Let the red osier sprout for us again.

Leave us the hazel thickets set  
Along the hills, leave us a month that yields  
The fragile bloodroot and the violet,  
Leave us the sorrage shimmering on the fields.

You offer us largess of power,  
You offer fame, we ask not these in sooth,  
These comfort age upon his failing hour,  
But oh, the charm of spring, the touch of youth!

Some of Scott's poems, too, are pure fantasy. One of these, "The Piper of Arll" is of unusual importance because of its influence on another great poet. In the year 1895 it was published in "Truth," a New York periodical, of which the late Peter McArthur was at that time editor. It happened that in this very year John Masefield, after some years of life as a sailor, was engaged as a hotel porter in New York. He chanced to read "The Piper of Arll," and its beauty of phrase, and its fine poetic fancy, thrilled him. Ten years later, when he himself was already winning recognition as a poet, he wrote to Dr. Scott to ask permission to include "The Piper of Arll" in an anthology entitled "A Sailor's Garland," which he was compiling for Methuen's; and in this letter he states, that it was "The Piper of Arll" that stirred the poetic impulse within him and led him to become a

## MUSIC'S MAGIC SPELL

poet. Masefield's letter concludes with the following:

"You will therefore understand how greatly I shall appreciate your kindness if you will allow me to include your poem in my anthology, as the most beautiful sea poem of modern times, and the poem which has moved me more than any I have ever read. Perhaps we may some day meet; for life, like the sea, is full of mystery and hidden currents, and one can say with the ancient shipmen, 'If we sail west we shall meet with land—it may be the Golden Islands, it may be some other islands—but there will be Queens and Kings there.' "

In one of the loveliest of Scott's own poems, entitled "At the End," the first stanza runs as follows:

"I have learned well,—a child I've grown by knowing;  
I have taught well,—I know not why;  
A few have garnered well my careless sowing,  
And one sound kernel fills the granary."

A tribute such as Masefield's is surely a satisfying harvest, a full granary, for any poet!

But of all Scott's poems, the most exquisite are his songs,—many of which have been set to music. They are exquisite because of their pure delicacy of phrase, the charm of language that suggests rather than expresses. Some of them touch a note of longing and regret, but there are others that are pure songs of gladness.

The quality of Scott's verse entitles him to rank as one of our great Canadian poets; but his poetry is only part of his work. In the year 1887 he

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

published a short story in "Scribner's," and others appeared during the following years in various magazines. These stories were published later in two volumes, entitled "In the Village of Viger," and "The Witching of Elspie." In the year 1905, in collaboration with Professor Pelham Edgar he wrote a biography of John Graves Simcoe, for "The Makers of Canada" series. Dr. Scott's prose is less well-known to the public than is his verse, but it possesses the same fine qualities of restraint, precision of diction, and felicity of phrase. Some of his short stories, it is true, are slight in plot, but they exhibit in other respects the technical excellence of the perfect short story; and even if he had written no verse, Dr. Scott's prose would have entitled him to a high rank among Canadian men of letters.

Aside from the publication of his verse and prose, there were, during these years, a number of events which had an important place in his life. In 1894 he was married to Miss Belle Warner Botsford, of Boston, who was herself an accomplished violinist. Their only daughter, the beloved "Elizabeth" of his poems, died in Paris in 1907, at the age of twelve.

In the Civil Service, Scott's administrative ability was early recognized by the government. Promotion came to him, and in 1913 he became Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs for the

## MUSIC'S MAGIC SPELL

Dominion, a position for which in ability and temperament he is eminently fitted.

When Scott began to devote his attention to literature, he was forced to give less time to his music; but throughout his life it has been a source of delight to him, second only to poetry. He has done much to stimulate an interest in music in his own city, and for some years he was president of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra. He has also been deeply interested in the drama. He himself is the author of several short plays, which have been presented in the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, and elsewhere; and he is president of the Ottawa Dramatic League. In 1899 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and in 1921-1922 he was president of the Society. In the year 1921 the University of Toronto conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Letters, in recognition of his services to Canadian literature.

When we scan the events of Scott's life and read his poems, they give us the impression, at times, of a dual personality. On the one hand there is the capable administrator, the man of methodical well-ordered life, who inspires confidence because of his knowledge of men and affairs. On the other hand there is the poet, detached from the care and turmoil of daily life. There are few of his poems in which the reader feels that the poet comes close to the scenes of everyday life. He walks amid these scenes, mingles with the hurrying crowds,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

and performs the routine duties of the day, but they do not waken him to song. His winged Pegasus bears him away from the dust and clangour of the day into a more serene air. But in reality these two natures are the two sides of a perfectly balanced, well-disciplined life:

“Here are the outward virtues, true!  
But see how all the inward parts are filled  
With singular bliss.”

There is among Scott's verses a little poem entitled “The Ideal,” in which the poet gives his own point of view:

“Let your soul grow a thing apart,  
Untroubled by the restless day,  
Sublimed by some unconscious art,  
Controlled by some divine delay.  
  
For life is greater than they think,  
Who fret along its shallow bars;  
 Swing out the boom to float or sink  
 And front the ocean and the stars.”

This is the ideal which has governed the life of the poet, and in it his outer and his inner virtues are reconciled.

## *Dans la Solitude*

"I told you that my brother had been brought up in Paris, but he spent all his vacations in Brittany and always preferred the country to large cities, for he did not like crowds and took pleasure in meditating in solitude ("dans la solitude") beside the sea."

—From a letter in French, of M. Hémon, sister of Louis Hémon.

T was a Saturday evening in June, 1912. The steamboat that plied across Lake St. John carried her usual crowd of passengers,—farmers and villagers who were returning to Peribonka from the market at Roberval twenty-five miles away. A little apart from the others stood two men, in earnest conversation. One of them, a farmer for the time being, was a slight clerical-looking man of forty-five, Samuel Bedard by name, but now known to fame as Samuel Chapdelaine. The other was a younger man barely over thirty, with a somewhat reserved but kindly expression of face and an air and manner of refinement.

His name was Louis Hémon. He had arrived from France some months before, and had visited Peribonka about Christmas time, but had spent the winter and early spring in the villages to the south of the Lake. Now in returning to Peribonka he had by chance fallen in with Samuel Bedard and the two men became engaged in conversation.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Bedard had a farm three miles north of the village, and as it happened, was in need of a farm hand; and in the course of the conversation a bargain was struck, by which Hémon was to work for him at eight dollars a month, with board and lodging.

As a matter of fact, Hémon was not seeking for work so much as for new scenes and new experiences which he might use as material for a novel. He was a Breton, from the country of Jacques Cartier, a native of Brest, in Finistère. His father had been professor of rhetoric at the Lyceum in Brest, but later became Inspector-General of Education in France, with headquarters in Paris. Louis had been educated in Paris, where he had studied law and modern Oriental languages; but his vacations were spent in Brittany. "He always preferred the country to the large city for he did not like the crowd and took pleasure in solitary meditation on the sea-shore." He had also spent a good deal of time in England and had learned to speak English almost equally as well as French. He was interested in all kinds of out-door sports,—boxing, fencing, canoeing, horseback-riding, and he was a remarkable swimmer.

In his early twenties he won prizes for stories in two competitions conducted by a sporting magazine, "Le Velo" and its successor "L'Auto," and during the next eight years he wrote a number of novels, of which at least one, "Lizzie Blakeston,"

## DANS LA SOLITUDE

was notable. He had by this time definitely chosen literature as a profession.

Then came the turning-point in his career. He married, but shortly afterwards his wife died, leaving him a daughter, now (1927) a girl of seventeen. It was partly in the effort to try to forget his grief and partly because of his restlessness and craving for adventure that he made up his mind to seek for new experience in French Canada.

He embarked at Liverpool in October, 1911, and after spending a few days in Quebec, he went on to Montreal, where he remained for two months. At Christmas he was in Peribonka, one hundred and fifty miles north of Quebec, but he spent the winter and spring in St. Gédon and other villages in the neighborhood of Lake St. John.

During these months there is a frequent interchange of letters with the family at home—mother, father and sister—in France. On New Year's Day he writes to his mother, apropos of his spirit of travel:

"At the worst, little mother, you must resign yourself to receive two or three New Year's letters written in obscure corners of the world. The words will differ, as will the stamps perhaps, but I hope I shall succeed in making you feel each time, that my affection for you has not grown less and that the proofs of tenderness and gentleness and generosity that you have shown me are not forgotten."

In one of these letters, too, he ventures the opinion that there is little likelihood of war with Ger-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

many. "But if the unexpected happens," he adds, "I am in fine condition to 'faire campagne' after my stay in the woods, and I imagine that the rigours of French or German winter will not inconvenience me too much."

By the middle of July he was at work on Samuel Bedard's farm, three miles above Peribonka, rising as early as half-past four "without effort," and "with the river before my eyes all day." The river is the Peribonka, here about one-third of a mile in width, and nearing the end of its long journey of three hundred miles out of the northern wilderness. Hémon enjoys the life here, for it is a country of wild duck and blue-berries, and there are possibilities of bears,—"but," he adds, "they are cowards." Bedard is not much of a hand with a gun; and so Hémon has the use of it. In the summer he complains of the mosquitoes and black-flies which "eat one alive"; but "the spring and the autumn above all there are incomparable."

Seen through the eyes of the "Chapdelaines" he was always sympathetic and cheerful, "always ready to make pleasure for others." They sometimes thought, no doubt, that he was inclined to take things too easy, and once when Madame Bedard became excited because the cattle were in the grain, he calmly replied, "Let them be, Madame; if it were not that it would be something else!" He was fond of evening gatherings where he could listen to simple stories of habitant life; and he himself

## DANS LA SOLITUDE

told stories wonderfully, and he was always writing—writing—writing. He was making notes for the first draft of “*Maria Chapdelaine*.”

In the early fall he spent some weeks in the woods with a party of prospectors, laying out a railway, and he was “never happier than when under a tent.”

Later in the fall he was back in Peribonka, and early in the spring he took farewell of the Bedards and made his way at his leisure down to Montreal. He was anxious to get his MS. of “*Maria Chapdelaine*” into final form, and with this in view he engaged with Lewis Bros., a firm of wholesale merchants, as a translator, on the condition that he might have the use of a typewriter for two hours every day. “He was my stenographer, as well as French translator while he was with us,” writes Mr. Dawson of Lewis Bros. “He was a very interesting character, and I learned a great deal about him and his life. . . . When he wrote his book he hadn’t any idea it was going to take with the public the way it did. He left our employ on the 9th of June. I still have his old grip, which I ‘swapped’ with him for a very nice pocket fishing-rod.” During the two months that he was in the employ of Lewis Bros., he wrote steadily, and in June “*Maria Chapdelaine*” was completed; and he sent it off to “*Le Temps*,” a leading periodical in Paris, which had published at least one of his earlier novels.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

His eyes were now turned towards the West, in the hope that perhaps there in the great prairies there might be found the material for romance. On June 24, accompanied by a young Australian, Harold Jackson by name, he set out to "tramp it" to the Canadian West, with Winnipeg as his first objective. Two weeks later (July 8) the two companions, presumably having followed the railway track, had reached Chapleau, a small town on the Canadian Pacific, north of Sudbury. In less than an hour after they left Chapleau a fast train whose approach was hidden by a curve, bore down upon them during a thunder-storm, and both were killed. They were buried in Chapleau, Hémon in the Roman Catholic cemetery, his companion in the Protestant.

In 1919 a monument was erected to his memory in Peribonka; the following year, 1920, his grave at Chapleau was marked by a suitable stone, and in 1925 a tablet was placed on the house in which he was born, in Brest, and a monument was erected to him on the sea-shore at Dinard, in Brittany.

"*Maria Chapdelaine*" was published in France in 1914, but it did not attract immediate attention. Two years later two English translations, the one by the late W. H. Blake, the other by Sir Andrew Macphail, appeared almost simultaneously; and it was then for the first time, that the merits of the novel were recognized both in Canada and in France. During the next ten years more than

## DANS LA SOLITUDE

eight million copies were sold. A lamentable circumstance relating to the publication of the book and its sudden rise to popularity, was that in 1916 only a few months before "Maria Chapdelaine" was published, Félix Hémon, the father of the novelist, died,—so that he did not live to enjoy the posthumous triumph of his son.

"Maria Chapdelaine" is not a romance, in the popular sense of the term. It contains little plot, but is a series of pictures of the scenes and characters that Hémon had met during his year's sojourn at Lake St. John. Samuel Chapdelaine is a composite character drawn in part from Samuel Bedard, and in part from le père Larouche, a relative of Mme. Bedard. Samuel Bedard, it is interesting to note in passing, has given up his farm, and is at present postmaster and merchant in Peribonka. As a young man he had studied for the priesthood in Montreal, and he was besides a fine singer. Madame Bedard who was the original for la mère Chapdelaine, is also still living. Maria herself is drawn from Eva Bouchard, the sister of Madame Bedard.

But it is not the scenes and characters of the story so much as the tone, the spiritual quality of the epic, that fascinates the reader. It is the epic of man's struggle with nature, in which the old-world faith and still older sense of fatalism, that what is must be, both play their part. And the whole story is told in a style that fascinates us be-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

cause it is so simple and so sincere. It is the sort of epic which could be produced only by a man who is a poet at heart, a youth who is himself impelled by the old, old thirst for new experience and new conquest, and who has been accustomed to hold communion, in secret, with his own inner self, on the borders of the great sea, or in the heart of the primeval forest of New France,—“dans la solitude.”

## XV

### *The Song of the Spirit*

"A song for the spirit only, deep-toned and pure, full of the light and splendour, full of power and infinite gift."



N the Talbot Road near the village of Clearville in the County of Kent, Ont., there stands a white frame house which was, a hundred years ago, the home of David Henry Gesner, United Empire Loyalist, Crown Lands agent, and farmer. The Gesner home was the stopping-place for the Anglican clergymen from Morpeth, seven miles to the west, who ministered to several stations along the Talbot Road. In 1858 the clergyman in charge of the parish was the Reverend Archibald Lampman, a man then in middle life; and in the course of his visits to the Gesner home, he fell in love with Susannah, the third daughter. They were married, and went to live in the parsonage in Morpeth,—a homely brick dwelling sheltered by a goodly grove of pine trees. Here in the autumn of 1861, a son, the future poet Archibald Lampman, was born.

He was a child of only five years of age when his father removed from Morpeth to Gore's Landing at Rice Lake in Peterborough County. Here as a child of seven he had rheumatic fever, and he

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

walked for a long time with crutches; but in spite of his delicate health he was able to enjoy the outdoor life and boyish recreations of the little country village.

At the age of fourteen, after the family had left Gore's Landing, he was sent to Trinity College School in Port Hope, and later attended Trinity College in Toronto. At college he was not an exceptional student; but he read widely and was fond of discussion; and as editor of the college paper, "*Rouge et Noir*," he had abundant practice in writing. Because of his delicate health he could not take part in sports, but he was in other respects an "all-round" man, and won the affection and esteem of his class-mates and of the staff.

After graduation, a brief experiment in High School teaching was a failure. The High School boy in his teens usually mistakes gentleness for weakness,—and Lampman was too gentle. But, fortunately, through the influence of a school friend he received an appointment in the Civil Service at Ottawa, and was spared the drudgery of teaching. The Civil Service itself does not provide the poet with inspiration, but it gives him a certain freedom from anxiety for the future and some little leisure time.

Lampman was barely twenty-two years of age when he entered the Civil Service. He had written no verse for publication; but now with congenial surroundings the inspiration came, and within a

## THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT



Archibald Lampman.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

very short time poetry had become his great pre-occupation and the source of his greatest happiness. His career as a poet covered a period of little more than a dozen years,—he died in his thirty-eighth year,—but his poetry is a faithful mirror of his daily life and thoughts. It is all here,—his domestic happiness, his delight in his children, his one great grief in the death of his first-born son; his observations of men and things in daily life; his love of birds and flowers, of the waters and the stars; his long solitary walks; his journeys in his longer vacations into the wild north country; his dreams, his reveries, his memories of the past.

"How full life is, how many memories  
Flash and shine out when thought is sharply stirred;  
How the mind works when once the wheels are loosed,  
How nimbly, with what swift activity.  
I think 'tis strange that men should ever sleep,  
There are so many things to think upon,  
So many deeds, so many thoughts to weigh,  
To pierce, and plumb them to the silent depth."

He wrote more than two hundred poems, of which nearly a hundred are sonnets. In one of these poems he tells how the minstrel, passing forth to dreaming meadows, and fields, and wooded hill-sides, far from the pathways straying, silent and lonely, sang a song "for the spirit only . . . deep-toned and pure, . . . full of the light and splendour, full of power and infinite gift"; and in describing the minstrel he described himself. His song is "the song of the spirit," and not the song of the streets.

## THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT

He is the interpreter of Nature, the critic of life, the moralist and teacher. Among the finest of his poems are those—sonnets, many of them—in which, with the sure touch of a skilful etcher, he delineates some scene from Nature. But these scenes are described not for their own sake, but as part of his own spiritual experience. The poet is himself inseparable from the scene. “He filled the rigid form of the sonnet,” writes his friend Duncan Campbell Scott, “with comments on the life of the fields and woods and waters, that ring as true as the notes of birds. A single half hundred of these sonnets may be placed in any poetic company and they will neither wilt nor tarnish.”

Read, for example, the sonnet entitled “Winter Uplands,” the last, and perhaps the most beautiful, sonnet which he ever wrote:

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,  
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,  
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak  
I sit in the great silence as one bound;  
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew  
Across the open fields for miles ahead;  
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue,  
A tender line upon the western red;  
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,  
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,  
So wonderful, so many and so near,  
And then the golden moon to light me home—  
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,  
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

This is not merely a sketch of a winter scene; it is a song of the spirit!

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Lampman's poems of Nature form the larger part of his work; but side by side with these poems are to be found many others in which he endeavours to express some abstract truth—some criticism of life—in poetic form. The gift of clothing abstract thought in poetic language is rare among poets; but it was a gift which Lampman possessed in a high degree.

In all his poems, Lampman shows himself to be an artificer in words. His touch is sure. He knows unerringly how to fit thought to language; and his poems have all the charm and beauty of a fine piece of craftsmanship. The critic who can rid himself of the preconceived notion that old-world poetry must inevitably be superior to that of Britain Beyond the Seas, will find in Archibald Lampman a poet whose sustained and uniform excellence will challenge comparison with even the greater English poets.

Of the later years of Lampman's life there are no outstanding events to chronicle. His death, which followed an illness of some duration, was due to disease of the heart, which was weakened by over-exertion. He died in February, 1899, and was buried in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, beside his infant son, whose death had been to him the source of such poignant grief.

“A few short years  
We of the living flesh and restless brain  
Shall plumb the deeps of life and know the strain,  
The fleeting gleams of joy, the fruitless tears;

## THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT

And then at last when all is touched and tried,  
Our own immutable night shall fall, and deep  
In the same silent plot, O little friend,  
Side by thy side,  
In peace that changeth not, nor knoweth end,  
We too shall sleep."



## XVI

### *“Something Worth While”*

“La vie est vaine,  
Un peu d'amour,  
Et puis—bonjour !

La vie est brève,  
Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de rêve,  
Et puis—bonsoir !”

HEN Paul Peel came back to London from France in 1890, he was thirty years of age, and famous. In the previous year (1889) his picture “After the Bath” had been awarded a gold medal in the Paris Salon, the first time that this honour had ever been won by an American. Once while he was still a youth at home, when he was preparing to go out for the evening, and begrudging the time which it took from his beloved Art, he seized a piece of charcoal and sketched a medal on the white front of his shirt. “Not now,” he cried, “I have no time now. I’ll not spend the little time I have in this way; but when I get the medal, perhaps then!” And now at the age when most artists are taking the first steps in the long upward climb to fame, the ambition of his boyhood had been fulfilled. He had won the coveted medal!

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

His boyhood had been passed in London, Ontario. He came of an artistic family. His father, John R. Peel, a marble dealer, and a distant connection of the great Sir Robert, had taught drawing in the London schools; his mother also had artistic tastes and his sister Mildred Peel later achieved distinction as a Canadian artist and sculptor. His inspiration and encouragement came from his parents, and even as a boy, under their guidance he was gaining in skill in drawing and in modelling in clay.

At eighteen he left home and went to Philadelphia to study in the Academy of Fine Arts. He remained here for four years, helping to earn his way by giving instruction in anatomy in the art school. And then to Paris, the city of his dreams! To gain admittance to the School of Beaux Arts it was necessary that the student should submit a painting in proof of his skill. He did not know where to turn for a subject and so he painted a portrait of himself, with the aid of a mirror. Gérôme, the director of the art school, to whom he presented himself, smiled when he saw it, and remarked that it was not often that an applicant for admission brought both his painting and his model along with him.

And the model, in this case, was an engaging subject, a lithe slender figure, and a face with delicate sensitive features, set off with brown eyes and brown beard. He had a singularly winsome man-

## SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

ner, simple, free from affectation, earnest and sincere,—a personality that would have won its way even if his art had not brought him fame.

In the eighties there were in Paris two distinct tendencies in art,—the newer school of impressionists under Monet and his disciples, and those who followed the older traditions of the classical school. It was to this latter group that Peel's masters belonged, and all his pictures were painted in the traditional style. No student was ever more zealous and earnest than he. He was an indefatigable worker and the gay life of the Quartier Latin had no attractions for him. He was fond of music and played his violin well, and in time he learned to speak several languages fluently. He was skilled, too, in fencing and was fond of outdoor life; but his chief source of happiness was his devotion to his art.

Success came to him at the outset. In his first year in Paris, his picture, "How Bitter Life Is," received honourable mention in the Salon, and during the next few years he painted a number of his best known pictures, chiefly studies of children, which won for him an immediate reputation.

And to these successes in his art, there was, in time, added yet another source of happiness. While sketching one summer, with his sister, in Brittany, they met at the pension where they were staying a young Danish girl, Isaure Verdier by name, a talented miniature painter and an accomplished

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

pianist, who was also engaged in sketching. The inevitable happened. Two years later Paul Peel and Isaure Verdier were married.

Into this household there were born two children, Robert André and Eileen Margaret, to whom their father gave the pet names of Menziko and Moutté. One evening as they warmed themselves before the fire, after the bath, their father, with a quick eye for the possibilities of artistic situations, saw in the scene the subject for a picture. He painted it, and when it was completed he gave it the title "After the Bath." The children in the picture are not Menziko and Moutté, but artists' models, two little girls, instead of sister and brother; but it was Menziko and Moutté, now grown to manhood and womanhood, who inspired it. The picture was admired by all who saw it and was described as "the sensation of the year." It was purchased by the Hungarian government and was hung in the national gallery at Buda Pesth. A number of other admirers were eager to secure it, including the famous actress, Sara Bernhardt. "I would have been willing to pay any price for it," she is said to have remarked. "That little girl with the red top-knot reminded me so much of myself when I was little." Some wealthy Americans offered a higher price than the artist was receiving for it; but the government of Hungary afterwards very generously made up the difference to him. The picture remained in the Hungarian National

## SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

Gallery until after the close of the Great War, when the government was forced to dispose of some of its art treasures in order to meet its obligations. Learning that the picture was for sale two citizens of London, Ontario, purchased it, and it now hangs in the home of one of these gentlemen.

In the following year (1890), learning of his mother's illness the artist returned to Canada on a visit, and before returning to Paris he held an exhibition and offered for sale some fifty or sixty of his pictures, in Toronto. One of these, entitled "The Reaper's Joy," painted at Pont Avin, in France, was purchased by ex-mayor Alexander Manning. He presented it to the city of Toronto, and it now hangs in a corridor of the City Hall. But the results of the sale of his pictures in Toronto were, on the whole, disappointing to the artist.

After a few months' stay in Canada, he returned to France. There, it seemed, lay his future,—wife, children, happiness, unfulfilled ambition, the prospect, to use his own words, of "doing something worth while"; fame perhaps; happy inspiration at least; and, above all, the artist's joy in his work; and, who might tell?—perhaps a little leisure, a little time for play. "After I have won the medal, —perhaps then!" But alas!

"The worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns ashes; or it prospers; and anon  
Like snow upon the Desert's dusty face  
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone."

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

During the winter after his return to France, he was taken down with influenza, which was then epidemic in Paris. The attack was severe; he became rapidly worse, and within less than a fortnight he succumbed to the disease.

It is idle to speculate on what might have been; along what lines his art might have developed; what his attitude would have been toward new conditions and new influences; whether he might at length have found in his own country other sources of inspiration. It is idle, too, to compare him with others who have been given a fuller span of years than he. It is sufficient to remember him as a Canadian, young, talented, ambitious, unaffected, of whom his native city and his own country were justly proud when he gained the highest distinction in art which *la belle France* has to bestow.

## *Tekahionwake*

N the banks of the Grand River on the Six Nations' Reserve, a few miles below Brantford, stands a spacious rough-cast dwelling, which goes by the name of "Chiefswood." It was for many years the home of George H. M. Johnson, head-chief of the Six Nations; and because of his imposing dwelling, Chief Johnson himself was nicknamed by the Indians, "Onwanonsyshon," which means "grand mansion." To this mansion, which was built shortly after his marriage, he brought his young wife, Emily Howells. She was an Englishwoman, a distant relative of the American novelist, William Dean Howells; but she had been living in Ohio, and had come to the Reserve with her sister, who was the wife of an Anglican missionary.

To Chief Johnson and Emily Howells there were born four children,—two boys and two girls, of whom Pauline was the second daughter. Emily Pauline was her full name,—Emily from her mother, and Pauline after the beautiful sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. Later in life she took the Indian name of "Tekahionwake," which means "double wampum," and which had been the name of her great-grandfather.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

As a child, she did not receive a very complete education,—at least not an education of the kind that is measured by text-books and examinations. She attended the Indian school on the Reserve and was sent to the Public School at Brantford for two years. But to a child who loved out-door life it was an education in itself to live at Chiefswood, with its lovely setting of water and wood; and her mother's careful training did a great deal to make up for the lack of formal education. When she was a mere child, her mother encouraged her to write verse; and while she was still a young girl she had the satisfaction of seeing her verses in print. Her first published poem appeared in a small New York magazine called "Gems of Poetry"; and very soon her poems were accepted by more important publications, including, among others, Goldwin Smith's paper "The Week."

But at the age of thirty, she was still not at all widely known. Then there came an unexpected turn of fortune, and the whole course of her life was altered by a seemingly trifling event. In the year 1892 the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto undertook to put on an evening with Canadian authors; and as a contributor to "The Week," Pauline Johnson received an invitation to take part in the programme. When she recited "The Cry of an Indian Wife," it took the audience by storm, and a second poem was given as an encore. Mr. Frank Yeigh, the president of the Club, was him-

## TEKAHIONWAKE



E. Pauline Johnson.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

self a well-known lecturer, and he at once saw the possibilities of a career for her as a reciter. It was arranged that she should give a public recital two weeks later in Association Hall, and on this occasion she repeated her triumph of a fortnight before. For this recital she composed a new poem, "The Song My Paddle Sings," a poem which after all these years still remains a general favourite with the public.

Within a few days after her second appearance in Toronto, it was arranged, through Mr. Yeigh, that she should undertake a recital tour, to give readings from her own poems, in costume. Two weeks later the new life began, and for nearly twenty years Tekahionwake, the Iroquois poetess, and Pauline Johnson, reciter and impersonator, were one. It was in the autumn of 1893 that I heard her for the first time. I was fresh from college then, with the echoes of Shelley's "West Wind" and Wordsworth's immortal "Ode" in my ears. But I can still call up the picture of the dingy lamp-lit parlor of an old manse in Eastern Ontario, where I met and talked with Tekahionwake; and I recall the fascination with which I listened to her recital of "As Red Men Die" and "The Song My Paddle Sings," in the equally dingy and almost funereal atmosphere of the village church near by. It was a new kind of poetry, which jarred and jangled strangely with "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Fra Lippo Lippi," and "The Idylls

## TEKAHIONWAKE

of the King"; and to this day as I recall her recital I cannot think of the march of the Iroquois chief-tain over the bed of burning coals without an indescribable thrill.

The recitals were a popular success; and they were carried on for many years. The conditions under which she recited were often discouraging; but her vision of life was enlarged by travel. She recited in towns and cities, in rude mining camps, in scattered prairie hamlets, and in backwoods villages, and saw Canada and the United States from coast to coast. In 1897 she joined forces with Mr. Walter McRae, who recited the habitant poems of Dr. Drummond, and for a number of years these two entertainers toured Canada and the United States together.

After two years of travel and recital in America, she decided to visit England. She took with her letters from Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General, to well-known English families; and the Canadian novelist Sir Gilbert Parker, and Lady Parker, showed her especial kindness. A few years later she undertook a second tour, under the patronage of Lord Strathcona. On these visits she recited chiefly in the drawing-rooms of the friends of her patrons and before small gatherings of their distinguished guests. At these recitals she appeared in costume, with belt of wampum, and with dagger, and necklace of bears' claws, and brooches carved by cunning Mohawk silversmiths, and with the scarlet

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

cloak thrown over her shoulders on which the young Prince Arthur of Connaught had stood when he was made a full chieftain in the Six Nations' Federation; and she recited chiefly those poems which related to her Indian race. England had been her mother's childhood home,—for the Howells were a Bristol family—but there were times when she was filled with an overpowering homesickness for her own beloved Canadian hills and streams. On one such occasion in particular, during the performance of Somerset Maugham's play "The Land of Promise" in the Haymarket theatre in London, her mind turned back with intense longing to Canada, and in the intermission between the acts she wrote on the back of a theatre programme, "The Trail to Lillooet."

Sob of fall, and song of forest, come you here on haunting quest,  
Calling through the seas and silence, from God's country  
of the west,  
Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the torrent  
white and strong,  
Down its rocky-throated canon, sings its golden-throated  
song.

You are singing there together through the God-begotten  
nights,  
And the leaning stars are listening above the distant  
heights  
That lift like points of opal in the crescent coronet  
Above whose golden setting sweeps the trail to Lillooet.

Trail that winds and trail that wanders, like a cob-  
web hanging high,

## TEKAHIONWAKE

Just a hazy thread outlining mid-way of the stream and sky,  
Where the Fraser River canon yawns its pathway to the sea,  
But half the world has shouldered up between its song and me.

Here the placid English August, and the sea-encircled miles,  
There—God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the lonely aisles  
Where the waterfalls and forest voice for ever their duet,  
And call across the canon on the trail to Lillooet.

During the period in which she was giving recitals in America and England, two volumes of her poems were published, "The White Wampum" in 1894, and "Canadian Born" in 1903; and in 1912, the year before her death, a complete edition of her poems appeared, under the title "Flint and Feather." In these volumes it is interesting to trace the changes that were taking place in her own outlook on life. In her early poems her chief theme is the Indian and his wrongs; then with the years of travel there came the poems of the Great West, and from her travel, too, was born her intense Canadian patriotism, which is expressed in "Canadian Born"; and in her latest poems there is evidence of a new cosmopolitan spirit that did not appear in her earlier verse. In her later poems, too, her verse shows a marked improvement in poetic form. She writes with surer touch and with greater ease.

Since her death her poetry has become much better  
[ 147 ]

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

ter known to the public. She is, in one sense, the most Canadian of all Canadian poets; and there is a quality in her verse, something in its free swing, its directness, and its intensity of feeling, that makes its appeal not only to the critic, but also to the average and not over-critical reader. The two companion poems entitled "Prairie Greyhounds," which follow, show the characteristic qualities of her later and more mature work.

### PRAIRIE GREYHOUNDS

#### C.P.R. "No. 1," Westbound

I swing to the sunset land—  
The world of prairie, the world of plain,  
The world of promise and hope and gain,  
The world of gold, and the world of grain,  
And the world of the willing hand.

I carry the brave and bold—  
The one who works for the nation's bread,  
The one whose past is a thing that's dead,  
The one who battles and beats ahead,  
And the one who goes for gold.

I swing to the "Land to Be,"  
I am the power that laid its floors,  
I am the guide to its western stores,  
I am the key to its golden doors,  
That open alone to me.

#### C.P.R. "No. 2," Eastbound

I swing to the land of morn;  
The grey old east with its grey old seas,  
The land of leisure, the land of ease,  
The land of flowers and fruits and trees,  
And the place where we were born.

## TEKAHIONWAKE

Freighted with wealth I come;  
For he who many a moon has spent  
Far out west on adventure bent,  
With well-worn pick and a folded tent,  
Is bringing his bullion home.

I never will be renowned,  
As my twin that swings to the western marts,  
For I am she of the humbler parts,  
But I am the joy of the waiting hearts;  
For I am the Homeward-bound.

Miss Johnson is said to have inherited her poetic gifts chiefly from her mother; but it is to her Iroquois ancestry that she owes her feeling for dramatic scenes and situations. Her father, Chief Johnson, was one of the gentlest of men; but it is her Iroquois spirit that flames out in her passionate sense of injustice and in her resentment at the wrongs which her people had suffered.

Her series of recitals were carried on until 1909, when failing health made it necessary for her to discontinue them. She had no longer any close ties in the east; the members of her own family were scattered, and she decided to make her home thenceforth in the city of Vancouver. In these late years she began to turn from verse to prose. From the old Indian Chief Joe Capilano, whom she had first met in England, she learned the picturesque legends of the Vancouver Indian tribes; and in 1911 she published these stories in a volume entitled "Legends of Vancouver." She wrote also a volume of boys' stories, under the title of "The Shag-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

ganappi," and a short time before her death she completed another volume of prose sketches to which was given the title "The Moccasin Maker." This volume contains a sketch, in highly idealized form, of the courtship and marriage of her father and mother.

In the meantime, however, she had fallen prey to a lingering and fatal disease; and the last two years of her life were spent in Bute St. hospital, Vancouver. In the final stages of her illness she was attended by her sister Miss Evelyn Johnson, now the only surviving member of the family. One of the last of her poems, entitled "And He Said 'Fight On,'" written after she had been told that she could not recover, is evidence of her heroic spirit, and there is something of the proud courage here that found expression in the poem "As Red Men Die."

### AND HE SAID, "FIGHT ON."

Time and its ally, Dark Disarmament,  
Have compassed me about,  
Have massed their armies, and on battle bent  
My forces put to rout;  
But though I fight alone, and fall, and die,  
Talk terms of peace? Not I.

They war upon my fortress, and their guns  
Are shattering its walls;  
My army plays the coward's part, and runs,  
Pierced by a thousand balls;  
They call for my surrender. I reply,  
"Give quarter now? Not I."

## TEKAHIONWAKE

They've shot my flag to ribbons, but in rents  
It floats above the height;  
Their ensign shall not crown my battlements  
While I can stand and fight.  
I fling defiance at them as I cry,  
“Capitulate? Not I.”

According to her wish, her body was cremated, and her ashes were buried in Stanley Park, Vancouver, not far from Siwash Rock. On the day of her funeral, the civic offices were closed. The flags of the schools were at half-mast and the city sent a wreath. A message of regret was read from the Duke of Connaught, who had been made a chief of the Six Nations' Federation more than fifty years before. The streets of the city were lined with hundreds of red-men, standing uncovered and silent as the cortège passed. Some years later a memorial fountain was erected over her grave, with flint and feather on one side, and canoe and paddle on the other. And here, between the forest and the sea, rests Tekahionwake, the beloved Canadian poet.



## XVIII

### *A Fine Melody of Life*

"Here is something new and something good in the art of sculpture. In spite of its realism it is beautiful and rhythmic, like a fine melody of life. . . . Dr. McKenzie believes in beauty and achieves it."

—Sir Philip Gibbs.



N the afternoon of July 3, 1922, the streets of old Cambridge were thronged with people in holiday attire. The monument erected by the people of Cambridgeshire—including the city and the University—to the soldiers who fell in the Great War was to be unveiled by H.R.H. the Duke of York; and great crowds of students and citizens and countrymen had gathered for the ceremony.

The monument itself is a notable one. It is a bronze figure of a soldier returning home after the war, and is entitled "The Homecoming." The young hero is striding gaily along, with rifle on shoulder and helmet in hand, and over his back is slung a German helmet, a trophy from the war. This is partly covered by a laurel wreath which is thrown over the rifle barrel. Stuck in his helmet is a rose, and another has fallen at his feet. His head is turned to one side and his lips are slightly parted as if to answer a greeting from some friend in the crowd.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

The designer of the memorial, Robert Tait McKenzie, has come to Cambridge to be present at the unveiling; and to those who know the story of his career his presence here makes the ceremony doubly interesting. One might have supposed that an ancient seat of learning such as Cambridge would have engaged an eminent English sculptor to design their memorial. But McKenzie is a "colonial," a Canadian by birth, and strange to say, he is not even a sculptor by profession. Twenty years before, he had been a physician and surgeon in Montreal, and a lecturer in anatomy in McGill University. He had done some sketching in water-colours, as a matter of recreation, but he had not attempted any modelling; and no one would have been more astonished than he if some one had announced that twenty years later he would be present at the unveiling of a masterpiece of his own, before a gathering of ten thousand people in the university city of Cambridge. But he had almost by chance discovered his own gift, and during these twenty years, he had already achieved an international reputation. Before the war he had designed many striking and beautiful things. There is, for example, in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the lovely figure of "The Competitor," a youth kneeling on one knee and fastening his sandal before taking part in the race. There is the equally famous bronze of the Relay runner, and the football group entitled "The Onslaught," the latter in

## A FINE MELODY OF LIFE

the Montreal art gallery. "The Onslaught" pictures in bronze the critical moment in the rugby field when the player with the ball leaps over the tangled mass of players to secure a touchdown. There is the lovely trio of children's faces in the "Fountain of the Laughing Children" (the Mallory Memorial Fountain), Philadelphia. There is the bronze entitled "Blighty," a Highland soldier with full kit ready to return home, which is in the King's collection at Balmoral Castle. There is the famous group in bas-relief which adorns the central wall of the great stadium at Stockholm, where the Olympic games took place shortly before the war. It is entitled "The Joy of Effort," and it represents three youths, eager, lithe, clean-limbed, leaping the hurdle in the effort to win the race.

"Eager as fire, impetuous as the wind,  
They spurn the ground and lightly clear the bar.  
Three racers? Nay, three strong wills unconfined,  
Three glad contending swiftnesses they are."

But the most interesting of all Dr. McKenzie's bronzes is his earliest,—the one through which he first achieved fame. It is entitled "The Sprinter," and it now stands in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge. But to explain "The Sprinter" it is necessary to note some of the events in Dr. McKenzie's early career.

He was born near Almonte, Ontario, nearly sixty years ago, and was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. He attended the Ottawa Collegiate Insti-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

tute, and took his degrees in arts and in medicine in McGill University. He remained in Montreal for ten years, and built up a practice, with the treatment of children's deformities as his specialty. During most of this time he was lecturer in anatomy in McGill. He was strongly interested in athletics, holding a record himself in the high jump, and he instituted the medical examination of students which has ever since been carried on at McGill. In this connection he wished to have a figure modelled which would show the effect of physical training in developing the ideal figure of an athlete, and it occurred to him that if he could take the average measurements of a large number of athletes they would give him the proper proportions for this figure. For this purpose he obtained from Dr. Paul Phillips of Amherst the full measurements of eighty-nine track athletes. But when he had averaged these measurements he could not persuade any sculptor to model the figure for him! It was too mathematical and too matter-of-fact! But a man of McKenzie's type is not readily daunted, and although he had had no training in sculpture, he resolved to model the figure himself. He failed several times, but he finally produced the figure of "The Sprinter," which shows a youth bending forward with fingers to the ground, in readiness to begin the race. The figure was beautifully proportioned, and was greatly admired. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London in 1903

## A FINE MELODY OF LIFE

and in the Salon in Paris in 1904, and was finally acquired for the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge.

The success of "The Sprinter" determined the future of Dr. McKenzie. He became a sculptor, a moulder in bronze of athletic figures and, later, of war heroes. In 1904 the University of Pennsylvania appointed him Professor of Physical Education; but the account of his successes as an organizer and director is another story! During the war he was, as major in the R.A.M.C., for three years, in charge of the remaking of men who were disabled or else physically unfit, in the British armies; and since the war he has found a new field for his genius as a sculptor, in designing war memorials. It is interesting to note that among these is "The Volunteer," designed as a memorial for his home town, Almonte. His latest work is the striking memorial to the Scottish soldiers of the Great War, which stands in the public gardens facing Princes' Street, Edinburgh.

It is a very rare thing for any one to achieve success in any field of art without technical training, especially when he has entered upon another profession; and for Dr. McKenzie's success as a sculptor it is not easy to find a parallel. But there are certain circumstances which help to explain why he succeeded. He is a physician and student of anatomy, and he knows the play of every muscle in the athlete's body. He has been, besides, the chief instructor of thousands of young men in

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

physical training in a great university, and he is familiar not only with the nude figure but with every posture and movement that the training of the athlete requires. He has become a great sculptor partly because he knows the human figure so well, and partly because he has a natural genius for designing statuary in simple and beautiful form.

## XIX

### *A Golden Page*

"The glory and the gleam  
Of a whole age  
Snared in a golden page,—  
Such is my dream."

URING the greater part of her childhood and youth,—the formative period of her life,—Marjorie Pickthall lived in Toronto. She was born in England, not far from London, in the year 1883, and she was an only child, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Pickthall. Six years later her parents came to Toronto and for the next twenty-five years, Toronto was her home,—the years of girlhood and young womanhood when she was learning and demonstrating her art.

She was educated at the Church of England School on Beverly Street, and later at Bishop Strachan School on College Street. Until she was twenty she practised daily at her music, and at her water-colours and drawing. As a result of this training in her girlhood days, it is not surprising to find in all her verse evidences of a perfect ear for rhythm and of unusual sensitiveness to beauty of form and delicacy of colouring. Although she did not know it, her lessons in drawing and music were a part of her training as an artist in words.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

While she was still a school-girl, she earned her first money by her pen. When she was only fifteen years old, a story named "Two Ears" was sold to "The Globe" for three dollars. Shortly after this she took part in a competition conducted by "The Mail and Empire," and to her great delight was awarded a double prize for the best poem and the best story submitted. It was a proud moment. "If I live to be one hundred," she wrote in her diary, "I shall never feel quite the same kind of joy as to-day."

But this was only the first of her triumphs. In 1900 she won "The Mail and Empire" Christmas competition with "O Keep the World Forever at the Dawn," which still holds its place even among her later and more mature poems. In 1907 she was awarded the two hundred dollar prize of the Young People's Circle of "The Globe," and the next year she was the winner in the short story competition conducted by "East and West," in which there were one hundred and eighty competitors.

Those who knew her in these days remember her as a shy, reserved girl; and her poems show little or nothing of any overflow or outpouring of youthful enthusiasms. But her diary and her letters reveal another side to her nature, a vivacity and exuberance of spirit that one would not suspect from her verse. In both letters and diary she expresses her emotion in superlatives and in the sort of slang that one might look for in a happy

## A GOLDEN PAGE



Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

[ 161 ]

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

school-girl. In her diary there is humour and gaiety of spirit and happy girlish laughter. It is her poems only that are in the minor key.

The first great grief of her life came to her in 1910 with the death of her mother, and so poignant was this grief that it tinged much of even her later poetry. But in time her life began to take on new interests. Two years later, at the instance of Sir Andrew Macphail, she collected the best of her verse into a small volume, to which was given the title "The Drift of Pinions." The phrase was taken from a poem of Francis Thompson's entitled "In No Strange Land."

After her mother's death she became assistant to Professor A. E. Lang, in the library of Victoria College, in the University of Toronto; and in this position she remained for two years. At the end of that time her health began to give her some concern, and she decided on a visit to relatives in England. Then came the war, and for various reasons she decided to prolong her visit. But in order to continue her literary work it was necessary for her to find some sort of retreat, some quiet nook of her own where she might have privacy; and the summer of 1914 found her established, with a cousin, in a little cottage among the downs a few miles from Salisbury. In this cottage—Bower-chalke, or "Chalke Cottage," as she named it,—she spent six summers, every summer during the

## A GOLDEN PAGE

war except that of 1916; and it was here that her first novel, "Little Hearts," was written.

Needless to say, she was feverishly anxious to help in war work, and longed to "do her bit." She learned to drive a motor, with the idea of doing ambulance work; but this was too severe a strain on her. She went down to Gloucestershire to learn gardening, but her health was not equal to the demands of heavy physical labour. She became assistant librarian in the South Kensington Meteorological Office, but her eyes gave her trouble; and at length she turned once more to her literary work in Bowerchalke. She began work on a second novel entitled "The Bridge," the scene of which was Toronto Island. It was completed in 1919, but was later revised before publication.

In the fall of this year the estate to which Chalke Cottage belonged was sold. The new owner needed the cottage for his farm help, and Miss Pickthall bade a regretful farewell to it. She had been very happy there. One of her friends in writing of her in the Chalke Cottage days said, "It is not easy to say anything that gives an idea of her. She was so many people. I should think few were fitted to go all the way with her. But she caught one up on the wings of her fancy sometimes, and then one saw and heard what one cannot forget."

"She was so many people!" This is a phrase to which only those who knew her personally and intimately can give its adequate meaning. But in

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

her letters and her poems she appears at least as two different people. Her letters are, many of them, childishly playful and full of humour, and very human. She must have been a delightful friend and companion. But her poems reveal a wholly different side of her nature. To read "The Drift of Pinions" or "The Lamp of Poor Souls" is to be "caught up on the wings of fancy" and to see and hear "what one cannot forget." These poems are wholly different in theme and treatment from those of any other Canadian poet. Many of them, the majority perhaps, are wholly lyrical, the expression of some mood of joy or sorrow, longing or regret, in songs that are pure melody. Others are psychological in character, studies of some unusual spiritual experience or of some common spiritual truth presented in an unusual setting. In "The Little Sister of the Prophet," for instance, the "prophet," the dreamer who sees the glory of the Lord revealed in the sunrise, is contrasted with the practical-minded mother who is too absorbed in the round of daily tasks—whether the oxen be watered and fed—to have any real sympathy with the dreams of her unpractical son.

In all these poems the language is richly poetical, partly because of the beauty of the words themselves and partly because of the picturesqueness and richness of the imagery that lies behind them. She chooses her words and imagery because of their decorative effect. The mind of the poet

## A GOLDEN PAGE

is a storehouse of strange and lovely images and of musical and unforgettable words. Did ever poet have at her command such a wealth of lovely names,—Jannedik, Gwenever, Marchaid, Guidarello, Shagonas, Kwannon, Jennifer, Armorel? And through all her poems there runs an oriental and biblical strain, both of thought and phrase, which gives to her work a peculiar poetic quality.

In a letter to one of her friends she says that she can neither sing nor play; but her poetry shows that she had a perfect ear for musical effects. She herself knew better than her critics the strength and weakness of her work and there are in her poems few imperfect lines.

In addition to her poems and songs she wrote a play, "The Wood Carver's Wife," which was begun at Chalke Cottage, two novels, "Little Hearts" and "The Bridge," and a large number of short stories. "The Wood Carver's Wife" she herself considered to be her finest piece of work. But it is because of its imaginative poetic quality rather than as a drama, that it excels. Her two attempts at longer prose fiction were not wholly successful, though they received high praise from certain critics. Neither her plots nor her characters are definite and tangible enough to satisfy the reader. In her plots there is an element of haziness and a lack of central plan, and the characters of her stories do not speak and act altogether like real people. But in "The Beaten Man," a novel which was un-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

completed at the time of her death, there was promise that the defects of the earlier stories would be overcome. In her short stories she was more successful, but in them, too, the scenes and characters are detached and there is an element of harshness and violence in the plots that is wholly foreign to her verse. "She was so many people."

In the spring of 1920, after Bowerchalke had been closed to her, she returned to Toronto; and after a short visit to her father, she continued her journey to British Columbia. She had always wished to see British Columbia, and went west "to satisfy an old dream." During the two years that she spent in British Columbia she was hampered by ill-health, but this was nevertheless one of the happiest periods of her life.

During her first summer in the West, she was the guest of the well-known poet and novelist, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and the summer was spent at the Mackay summer home at Boundary Bay, seventy miles north of Vancouver. A little shack which stood in a hayfield, close to the edge of the cliff overlooking the Pacific, was her writing-room, and here she worked "with nothing but the swallows' chatter in the blue to break the sigh of the wind in the woods, on one hand, and the sigh of the receding tide below, on the other." "The Bridge" was taken up again and made ready for the press, and a number of stories and short poems were written. The winter of 1920-21 was

## A GOLDEN PAGE

spent in Victoria, and here she completed "The Wood Carver's Wife," which she had begun in England.

During the summer of 1921, in the company of congenial friends she enjoyed a delightful trip up the west coast of Vancouver Island, but in the fall returned again to Victoria. During this time she was far from being well and she complained of having little or no reserve strength. The winter brought no improvement, and in March, 1922, an operation was decided upon. It was apparently successful; she gained strength rapidly, and her recovery seemed almost assured. Then a little over a week after the operation, almost without warning, she was seized with a sudden faintness due to the formation of a clot of blood in the arteries, and in a few moments she had passed away.

The news of her death came as a sudden and painful shock to countless friends and admirers throughout Canada, who had not known of her illness. Two or three years before her death she had written a little poem called "Finis":

Give me a few more hours to pass  
With the mellow flower of the elm-bough falling,  
And then no more than the lonely grass  
And the birds calling.

Give me a few more days to keep  
With a little love and a little sorrow,  
And then the dawn in the skies of sleep  
And a clear to-morrow.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Give me a few more years to fill  
With a little work and a little lending.  
And then the night on a starry hill  
And the road's ending.

For herself the years were all too few before she reached the ending of the road. Her grave is just above the slope of a beautiful ravine in St. James' Cemetery in Toronto, the little plot where her mother, whom she adored, had been laid to rest ten years before.

“Friend, pass softly, here is one  
Morning spent her gold upon;  
Suns enriched her and the beat  
Of April’s tide flowed at her feet.  
With each blossom lovelier she;  
Lovelier she with every leaf.  
Spring forgets her now and we  
Count her summers by our grief.”

## XX

### *A Painter's Painter*



NE of the greatest honours which can come to any artist is to have his paintings hung in the Luxembourg Gallery; for the French Government, which purchases works of art for this gallery, reserves this honour for modern paintings of undisputed excellence only.

Until within recent years, the only Canadian whose paintings had been chosen for the Luxembourg, was James Wilson Morrice, and his pictures have also found a place in the Louvre and the Tate Gallery, as well as in other great galleries of Europe.

Morrice has been described as "a painter's painter" because his art is of so exquisite a quality that only those who have made a study of the technique of painting are likely fully to appreciate its excellence. Indeed, the casual visitor to an art gallery might at first sight pass his paintings by, as less compelling than pictures with bolder lines and stronger colours. The enjoyment of the masterpieces of Morrice is more or less of an acquired taste.

Morrice was born in Montreal, of Scotch parents,  
[ 169 ]

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

and was the third son of David Morrice, a successful textile manufacturer. He received his early education in the private schools of Montreal; but he was fond of out-door life and most of his vacations were spent in Lower Quebec, chiefly in the neighborhood of Murray Bay. When he was ready for college he entered the University of Toronto, and he took his degree in Arts in 1886. It was a question now what profession he should choose. In the end he chose to study law, and the next few years were spent at Osgoode Hall in Toronto.

But his real interests did not lie in the legal profession. His tastes were wholly artistic and his chief talent lay in the direction of painting. Ever since he was sixteen he had been fond of sketching, and his later sketches showed so much merit that instead of practising at law he decided to continue his studies as an artist. Fortunately his father was in a position to indulge his son's tastes, and at the age of twenty-six he went to Paris to study painting. From that time until his death more than thirty years later Paris was his place of residence.

Those who knew Morrice in his Paris days describe him as a man of somewhat less than medium height, of slight build, and dressed in tweeds; with a neatly-trimmed beard, turning grey; features that were distinguished by good breeding and refinement, and a glance in which there was something shy and even shrinking; and the picture would not be complete without pipe or cigarette, for he had

## A PAINTER'S PAINTER



J. W. Morrice.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

a fine taste in tobaccos. He talked freely, and in a low tone, to those with whom he was intimate, but otherwise he spoke but little. He was a man of exquisite manners and much personal charm, and with an admirable taste in all matters pertaining to literature and the fine arts. "A rare and cultivated artist, with a taste for letters, for Montaigne, and for the cafés." He was, besides, very fond of music and played with skill on the flute.

In the years preceding 1908, when Mr. Arnold Bennett, the distinguished English novelist, lived in Paris, he knew Morrice well and met and talked with him frequently, chiefly in the cafés. "I was very much attached to him," writes Mr. Bennett. In Bennett's novel "*Buried Alive*," the hero Priam Farll is a very distinguished artist, who in some respects might be said to resemble Morrice, and it has been said that Morrice—who is mentioned by name in the novel—was the original for the character. In answer to an inquiry which I made of Mr. Bennett regarding this, he replied as follows:

"I certainly had no thought of Morrice for Priam Farll. Since '*Buried Alive*' was published, rumour has attributed the origin of Priam Farll to nearly every prominent painter. Many people are convinced, for instance, that I drew him from Sargent. All untrue! I drew Priam Farll from no one but myself."

Morrice occupied a bachelor's apartment on the

## A PAINTER'S PAINTER

Quai des Augustins overlooking the Seine; and here in such dusty disorder as is privileged to an artist or scholar, he lived, with his canvases, and his music, and the personal belongings that had accumulated in his long life in Paris. Among the artist's treasures were a multitude of little wooden panels on which he made his sketches, and in whatever disorder the rest of the room might be, these wooden "cards" were always carefully sorted and arranged in the white boxes which were kept for the purpose.

"He was not a very hard worker," says Mr. Bennett, "but he was fond of going out for the day with a batch of small wood panels. He would return in the evening with a series of oil sketches, slight but lovely, especially lovely in colour. He would sell these to friends for fifty francs apiece. One of them has hung in my study for many years."

On these panels, more faithfully than in anything else, the story of the artist's life and work is recorded. Here is a record of his journeys to Venice, to Brittany, to Quebec, and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, to Tangier, to Gibraltar, and Havana. And in these delicate studies of sky and sea and shore were recorded, even more faithfully, the artist's personal tastes. He was not interested in portraying people for their own sake, and wild nature or great open spaces did not attract him. But he loved scenes which were, so to speak, set in a frame, and which carried with them a suggestion of human associa-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

tions; little glimpses of the sea-shore, a deserted street, a corner of a market-place, an angle of a city square, vistas of sky and sea and cloud; and, best of all, the pictures that he found along the old quays by the river-side. It was the effect that he sought rather than the likeness, harmonies in form and colour, rather than the mere portrayal of a landscape.

Artists who are judges of fine craftsmanship have held him in high esteem for his technical skill. He had a sureness of touch, and a dexterity in handling his colours, that were the admiration and envy of his fellow artists. In Morrice's work all is finished in perfect harmony. In all that he did it was his own exquisite taste that gave individuality to his painting. There is in his work nothing loud or harsh, nothing laboured, no mere tricks of the trade, nothing to excite curiosity. All is simple, subdued, reserved, a study in delicate harmonies of tone and colour.

Because of the quiet reserve that is evident in the life and art of Morrice, he has not held a conspicuous place in the eye of the public. He did not paint in order to sell. He held no exhibitions, and took no pains even to see that his pictures were well-placed in the galleries; but he was highly esteemed among his fellow-artists. In his early days in Paris, his paintings excited the admiration of Whistler and of the French academicians, who looked upon this gifted artist from New France

## A PAINTER'S PAINTER

as one of themselves, and bestowed their highest honours upon him, honours that are rarely given to artists of foreign birth. He always took much interest in Canadian art, and he visited Canada from time to time. His last visit took place in 1919.

He died in Tunis in January, 1924. "Let us hope," writes a fellow-artist and friend, "that his eyes closed at the end of a beautiful day upon a sweet and sunny landscape such as he loved."



*Poet and Padre*

T was a scene for a poet or a painter. On the one hand, the great ocean liner, the Empress of Britain, docked at the long wharves, waited until the trains were ready for her passengers. "All along the decks of the great vessel, crowded against the railings in long lines of khaki, were two thousand seven hundred men. Their bright faces were ruddy in the keen morning air. On their young shoulders the burden of empire had rested. By their willing sacrifice Canada had been saved."

From above, the grim, gray, rock-built fortress, "the king's bastion," the gateway to the new world since the days of Jacques Cartier, looked down upon the moving scene.

On the gangway stood a man of between fifty and sixty years, in khaki, and with the D.S.O. ribbon on his breast, for whom the commanding officer had provided a special guard of honour. From the crowded decks there came cries of "speech," and in the hush that followed, the bronzed figure tried to speak, but as he looked at the rows of stalwart young heroes that lined the decks above, to use his own words, "a great lump came into my throat.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

. . . I told them what they had done for Canada and what Canada owed them and how proud I was to have been with them. I asked them to continue to play the game out here as they had played it in France. Then, telling them to remove their caps, as this was our last church parade, I pronounced the benediction, said 'Good-bye, boys,' and turned homewards."

At such a time and place, that benediction, however it may have been framed, was in itself a poem!

The gray-haired, bronzed man in khaki was Ven. Archdeacon Frederick George Scott, Canadian poet of the Laurentians, senior chaplain of the First Canadian Division, C.E.F., and rector of St. Matthew's church in Quebec,—the most beloved of all Canadian padres who saw service overseas,—"of all sorts, enchantingly beloved."

If any one of the twenty-seven hundred men had been asked why Canon Scott—he was "Canon" at that time—should have a guard of honour, or why they should have called for a speech, they might not have easily found words; but to them he was "a good scout," who understood men, who himself was a man's man, and who was their friend. He had been with them throughout the long years of the war, and there was no discomfort or privation or danger that he had not shared. When they had utterly lost heart he had brought them comfort and good cheer, and he had given them courage in the face of death. His humour never failed him and

## POET AND PADRE

his good cheer was infectious. They had gone to him with their confidences, and he understood their weaknesses and their failings. He was not too religious for the life in the trenches, and no road was so long that he would not travel it to help them. In his own person he had suffered grievously. His second son had fallen in the battle of the Somme; another son had lost an eye. He himself had been dangerously wounded by the bursting of a shell, and he had spent long weeks in hospital just at the close of the war.

Some of them knew him as a preacher. Many of them had been present at the memorable church parade at Valcartier,—an eternity before. Still others knew him as a poet, and had heard him recite his poems and limericks in huts and dug-outs and improvised concert-halls behind the lines; and they knew that beneath the spirit of laughter and infectious good humour there was the soul of a sincere and deeply religious man, whose religion was a part of his own life.

“Christes lore and his apostles twelve  
He taughte, but first he folwed it him-selve.”

Few of these men, it is safe to say, knew anything of his past life and training, or of his status, either as a clergyman or as a man of letters. To them he was “Canon Scott”,—one of those who, more than they realized, had done their great part in helping to win the war.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

For fifteen years immediately before the outbreak of the war, he had been rector of St. Matthew's in the city of Quebec, and for nearly ten years previous to this he had been rector of the parish of Drummondville,—a quarter of a century of parish work in the lower province. His boyhood days were passed in his native city of Montreal, where his father, Dr. William Edward Scott, held the chair of Anatomy in McGill University for many years. He received his education in McGill University, and in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and King's College, London. He was curate of St. John's Church, Montreal, for nearly two years, and upon returning to England, was curate of Coggeshall, Essex, for a year. In 1887 he came back to Canada to take charge of the parish of Drummondville. In this year he was married to Miss Amy Brooks of Barnet, England.

Archdeacon Scott is not the type of man who cares greatly for honours, for modesty is one of his virtues,—but honours have fallen thickly upon him. He is a D.C.L. and an F.R.S.C.; and he received the degree of LL.D. from McGill in 1926, and the degree of D.D. from King's College in 1927. Since his return from overseas he has been promoted to the rank of Archdeacon of the parish of St. Matthew's, Quebec. During the war he was made a C.M.G., and shortly before the close of the war he received the D.S.O. ribbon for distinguished service.

It is not an easy task to place an estimate on  
[ 180 ]

## POET AND PADRE

Canon Scott's work as a poet, for his verse is, more than in the case of most poets, a running commentary on his life. One feels that his chief business in life has not been to write poetry, but, first of all, to live; and his poems are, in most cases, records of personal moods or scenes that have been a part of this great experience of living. Some of his poems have grown out of slight or trivial incidents or sentiments, and are of a comparatively transient character. Others are a record of emotions and experiences in which the poet's feelings have been profoundly stirred. Sometimes, especially in his earlier poems, he finds his inspiration in nature. In some cases the theme of his poetry is suggested by his reading. Some of his poems are the expression of his religious faith or his philosophy of life. Many of them are the outcome of experiences in his pastoral work in which his sympathies have been deeply moved. Many of the poems of his Quebec period, under the influence of the historic and romantic traditions of the picturesque old fortress, are strongly patriotic in character. The poems of the Great War, published in a little volume entitled "In Sunshine and Shade," and written during the storm and stress of the war, contain some of the best of his work.

It is not easy to select typical poems to quote, just because his poetry is so varied in form and theme; but the following two poems are interesting as representing his earliest and his latest

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

periods. The first of the two is a sonnet written when Scott was only twenty-five.

### TIME

I saw Time in his workshop carving faces;  
Scattered around his tools lay, blunting griefs,  
Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs  
Of light and shade; sorrows that smooth the traces  
Of what were smiles. Nor yet without fresh graces  
His handiwork, for oftentimes rough were ground  
And polished, oft the pinched made smooth and round;  
The calm look, too, the impetuous fire replaces.

Long time I stood and watched; with hideous grin,  
He took each heedless face between his knees,  
And graved and scarred and bleached with boiling  
tears.

I wondering turned to go, when, lo! my skin  
Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face sees  
Itself all changed, scarred, careworn, white with years.

The second is a poem of the Great War, written in 1915 at Brielen, where his brigade was then stationed, and where "under a waggon cover I had a very happy home." "While lying awake one night thinking of the men that had gone and wondering what those ardent spirits were now doing, the lines came to me which were afterwards published in "The Times."

### REQUIESCANT

In lonely watches night by night,  
Great visions burst upon my sight,  
For down the stretches of the sky  
The hosts of dead go marching by.

## POET AND PADRE

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,  
Strange bugles sound an awful note,  
And all their faces and their eyes  
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed  
And peace hath come to them at last,  
But in the stern looks linger still  
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood  
Of human tears and human blood,  
A weary road these men have trod,  
O house them in the home of God.

Besides his poems, Archdeacon Scott is the author of a notable volume of prose, "The Great War As I Saw It." It is one of the most human of all the documents associated with the war,—simple, direct, sincere, full of humour, full of pathos, vivid, sympathetic, intensely personal, and written in a style that is an admirable example of English prose. Canon Scott's own copy of "The Great War As I Saw It" is unique. He has used it as a great autograph album; and its pages from cover to cover are filled with autographs of fellow-officers and soldiers in the Great War. That particular copy should, in the end, come into the keeping of the Canadian people as one of their proud possessions.

Such is Archdeacon Frederick George Scott,—man and poet. In his own profession he has ministered gladly to the needs of others. In the time of great stress he played a noble part, with courage

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

and self-sacrifice. As a poet he has written great and enduring poetry; and in his own life he has followed the pattern of knighthood which he himself has so well defined:

“In honour chivalrous,  
In duty valorous,  
In all things noble,  
To the heart's core, clean.”

## *À Force de Talent*

LMOST sixty years ago a small contingent of Canadian volunteers sailed for Italy, to join the Zouaves' regiment in their fight for the Pope against Garibaldi. But not long after their arrival Victor Emmanuel took possession of Rome, and the volunteers, after suffering some hardships, had to return to Canada without having had much opportunity to win military glory.

But there was one among them, a nineteen-year old lad from the Eastern Townships of Quebec, who had found in Rome something more enduring than military glory, something of the greatest moment to his whole life. As he stood before the great art treasures of the Eternal City, there came into his soul a new ambition, a hope which he scarcely dared utter, a dream that could not be named. He had been, until this time, a failure at everything he had tried, and here in Rome he suddenly found that which gave direction and purpose to all his vague desires.

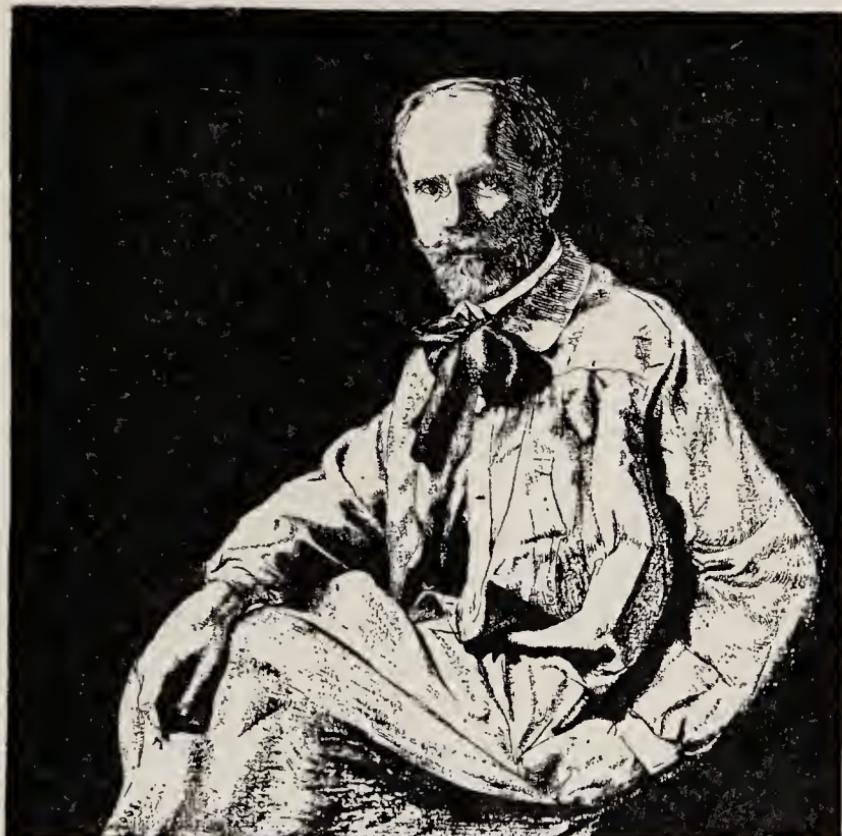
For Philippe Hébert, from his earliest childhood in Sainte Sophie d'Halifax, Quebec, had loved to carve figures from wood. His father, a descend-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

ant of a French-Acadian family which had settled in Quebec at the time of the Expulsion of 1755, must have been puzzled as to what to do with this unusual boy. As a child of six, Philippe was sent to school, but he proved a poor pupil, rebelled against school discipline, played truant and seemed happy only when carving. As soon as he had learned to read and write, his father kept him home from school to work on the farm. Here in the long winter evenings, he listened to the story-tellers of the day, and to his father's reading aloud from "Relations of the Jesuits." One evening as he was listening to a "conteur" his father sent him out to take some one to the railway station, and the lad missed the end of the story. He was too timid to ask to have it repeated and it was years before he learned how it ended. In later life he often spoke of this incident and his boyish unhappiness over it. These tales of the encounters of early French settlers with Indians fascinated Philippe and he began to try to carve figures of Indians and to portray in wood some of these stirring episodes. Needless to say, his heart was not in farm operations. Seeing this, his parents placed him with an uncle in a country store; but as a clerk he was also a failure, and his uncle sent him back home.

It was then, when he was nineteen, that there came the opportunity to sail to Italy. What a revelation the power and beauty of the art of Rome must have been to this dark-eyed, imaginative

À FORCE DE TALENT



Philippe Hébert.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

youth who, untaught and fearful of ridicule, was secretly keeping on with his own efforts at creation! One day he ventured to show to some competent judges a bas-relief which he had carved, a representation of a highwayman holding up a wayfarer. His work was so warmly praised that the young artist's heart sang with new hope.

But soon the contingent had to return and Hébert, without means to remain as a student, came back, penniless, and with no immediate prospects of developing his talent. For a time he worked as a brakeman for the Grand Trunk Railway, then as a farm-hand. Later he travelled in the United States, selling fruit trees, in the hope that in this way he might familiarize himself with the English language, which he had not had the opportunity of learning. Then when he was still in his early twenties, he was advised to come to Montreal and try to find some opening for his talent.

His first work to be exhibited in Montreal was a bust of Beranger, and it won first prize in a provincial exhibition. This bust attracted the attention of Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, architect, sculptor, and author,—the father of Henri Bourassa, M.P. Mr. Bourassa asked Hébert to enter his studio, and here he worked for some years carving images for a church of which Bourassa was the architect. It was not long before he mastered all that could be learned here. When he was twenty-nine he was married, but only a few weeks later he found him-

## A FORCE DE TALENT

self without employment, as the church was completed and he was no longer needed. Fortunately for the new household, he was before long given commissions for statues for a cathedral at Ottawa, for the church of Notre Dame, Montreal, and for other churches. When he had saved enough money, the sculptor, who had now fully decided on a career in art, went to Paris to study.

Returning to Canada, Hébert first received recognition through his statue of Sir George Cartier, which stands on Parliament Hill in Ottawa. This work won him a prize from the Dominion Government and brought the sculptor into prominence. Two years later the Quebec Government commissioned him to carve for the Legislative Buildings ten statues of such historic figures as Champlain, Frontenac, Montcalm, and Wolfe. To carry out this commission he thought it well to return to Paris, where helpers in such operations as casting in bronze could be more readily secured. For some twelve years he made his home in Paris, and three of his children were born there. Upon his next return to Canada he settled down permanently in Montreal, with a studio in Labelle Street.

By the year 1909 this almost wholly self-taught sculptor had to his credit fifty pieces, including monuments, statues, and busts. The early impressions made on his mind by those old fireside tales remained, and numbers of his works depict the struggles of the French settlers with hostile In-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

dians. "Sans Merci" shows a harvester defending himself with his sickle, from an Indian who has assailed him in the field. In "Le Rapt" an aged farmer is exerting all his strength to protect his grand-daughter from Indian marauders, and in "Une Mère" a mother defends her young infant from cruel Indian enemies. But not all Hébert's Indians are shown in savage mood. A group on the terrace of the Quebec Legislative Buildings is one of the finest examples of Hébert's power to portray Indian features. Here, in bronze, is an Algonquin family, the father intently watching his young son aim a shaft at some animal, while the mother is distracted from the kindling of a fire by her eagerness to see the young brave's marksmanship. In another group, entitled "Madeleine," a young French girl is shown winding her thread on a distaff, while an Indian chief sits at her feet, all his fierceness subdued by his love for her.

Others of Hébert's works are memorials of momentous events or of men outstanding in Canadian history. One of the earliest of these is the Maisonneuve monument in the Place d'Armes in Montreal. Here the founder of Montreal is shown in the act of taking possession of the land on which Montreal now stands. Two other noted works of this prolific sculptor are the memorial to Laval in Quebec city, and the memorial to Madeleine de Verchères, at Verchères, Quebec.

Besides these well-known sculptures in his na-

## À FORCE DE TALENT

tive province, and his statues of statesmen in Ontario, Hébert has carved statues of Howe for Halifax; Tilley for St. John, and Fraser for New Westminster, and has designed a South African War monument for Calgary.

In 1917 Philippe Hébert passed away. One of his last works was a small clay model, "Evangeline," one of the loveliest figures of his life-work. It remained for Hébert's son, Henri, who has inherited his father's great gift, to complete the statue from this model. Three years after Philippe Hébert's death, the statue was unveiled at Grand Pré. It is a bronze figure of an Acadian woman, young, but old enough to experience deep emotions. Her figure is turned toward the Gaspereau River where, in 1755, the British ships waited for the deportation of the Acadians. Her head is turned for one last look at the lovely land she is leaving forever. At the base of the figure are the words, "Pleurant le pays perdu." This statue, the work of father and son who are themselves of the race of Evangeline, has a symbolic significance. For surely it means that the descendants of the Acadians and of the British alike, have forgotten the mistakes of their forefathers and are united as one people,—Canadians.



## XXIII

### *A Balm for Pain*

HEN the volume of poems entitled "The "Last Robin," by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, was published in 1907, a friend of the poet sent a copy to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He opened it by chance at the little poem entitled "My Orders," and on reading it he remarked that if the rest of the poems in the book were equal to that, it was "great poetry." The poem which he so much admired is as follows:

"My orders are to fight;  
Then if I bleed or fail  
Or strongly win, what matters it?  
God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught  
Except to serve with might;  
I am not told to win or lose,  
My orders are to fight."

At the time when "The Last Robin" was published, Miss Wetherald was already well-known as a Canadian poet. She had, within the ten or twelve years previous to this, published several volumes of poetry, and her editorial work had given her a recognized place as a writer of prose as well as verse.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Her early childhood had been spent at Rockwood, a few miles from Guelph, where her father was principal of the Rockwood Academy, a famous school for boys. As a girl she attended a Quaker school in New York State, and still later was a student at Pickering College in Ontario. Even in her school-days she began to write poetry. At the age of seventeen she sent some verses to "St. Nicholas," which were accepted; and, to quote her own words, "When I received a cheque for twelve dollars in payment, it seemed an astonishing thing that I should be paid for what I enjoyed doing."

Late in the eighties she became a contributor to "The Globe," using the pen-name "Bel Thistlethwaite." Isabel Thistlethwaite was her grandmother's name. Those were the days when Lampman, Campbell, and Duncan Campbell Scott sent regular weekly contributions to "The Globe" for the column entitled "The Mermaid Inn"; and from this period dates Miss Wetherald's long friendship with these poets. When John Cameron left the editorship of "The Globe" in 1890 he engaged Miss Wetherald to assist with editorial work on "The London Advertiser," and to write all of the leading articles in the monthly magazine called "Wives and Daughters," which was published in London, Ont.

While carrying on her editorial work, she continued to write verse, which appeared from time to time in various periodicals such as "Harper's" and "Scribner's" and the "Youth's Companion"; and

## A BALM FOR PAIN

in 1895 she collected a number of these poems into a little volume that was published under the title of "The House of the Trees." "The House of the Trees" consists of some seventy poems, most of which had already appeared in magazines. Some of them are slight, the expression of a light passing mood, but others are of a more permanent charm, in which the thought of the writer is clothed in exquisite form. Read, for example, the poem entitled "In April":

When Spring unbound comes o'er us like a flood,  
    My spirit slips its bars,  
And thrills to see the trees break into bud  
    As skies break into stars;  
  
And joys that earth is green with eager grass,  
    The heavens gray with rain,  
And quickens when the spirit breezes pass  
    And turn and pass again.  
  
And dreams upon frog melodies at night,  
    Bird ecstasies at dawn,  
And wakes to find sweet April at her height  
    And May still beckoning on;  
  
And feels its sordid work, its empty play,  
    Its failures and its stains  
Dissolved in blossom dew, and washed away  
    In delicate spring rains.

In some verses which the poet Archibald Lampman wrote in the fly-leaf of "The House of the Trees," shortly after it was published, he spoke of it as "a balm for pain," which breathed,

"The spirit of the sun and stars,  
The spirit of the wind and rain."

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

And that is what Miss Wetherald wishes all her poems to be,—“a balm for pain.” “Verse writing,” she says in one of her letters—“indeed writing of any sort, is to me a delightful form of self-indulgence, and to call myself a poet as one might call himself a blacksmith or an editor, appeals to my sense of humour.” “The keynote of her life,” says an intimate friend, “has not been ambition, not the determined self-exploitation so common in these days, but sympathy—a quick intuitive knowledge of how another feels, the nature and extent of his private pangs, and the possibility, if any, of how they can be relieved. Do you wonder that she has many friends?”

The charm of “*The House of the Trees*,” as of all Miss Wetherald’s verse, lies in the felicity of phrasing, the ability to translate the moods, especially the gray moods of everyday life, into language that expresses the finer shades of the poet’s feeling; and it is because her poems have to do with the simple things in nature and common experiences in daily life that they have proved to be “a balm for pain.”

During the few years following the publication of “*The House of the Trees*” Miss Wetherald was engaged in important editorial work in the United States. When Francis Bellamy, one of the editors of “*The Youth’s Companion*,” to which she had been a contributor, became literary editor of “*The Ladies’ Home Journal*,” he asked Miss Wetherald

## A BALM FOR PAIN

to assist him in the critical work of judging manuscripts; and the early months of 1896 were spent in the office of publication in Philadelphia. In the following year, on the invitation of Mr. Forrest Morgan, she went to Akron, Ohio, to assist in the work of editing the thirty volumes of "The World's Best Literature," of which Charles Dudley Warner was the general editor. Since that time, home ties, the care of other members of the family who have needed her, has prevented her from undertaking editorial work. When her father retired from teaching he purchased a farm at Fenwick, in Welland county, and since his death the old home-stead has continued to be the home of herself and her brothers. But although she has not engaged in any further editorial work, she has continued, until within recent years, to contribute both poems and prose articles to different periodicals; and from time to time she has published other volumes of poems: "Tangled in Stars," "The Radiant Road," "The Last Robin," and "Tree-Top Mornings."

Those who know Miss Wetherald only by those of her poems which usually appear in anthologies are likely to think of her as a wholly serious-minded woman, who writes poems only for mature people. But this is a mistake; for some of the most delightful of her verse has been written for children. Anyone who grows up in the close companionship of brothers and sisters (there were seven boys and two girls in the Wetherald family) is

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

not likely to be out of sympathy or out of patience with children, and it is this companionship that has helped to make Miss Wetherald so human and so lovable. Here is one of her poems for children from "Tree-Top Mornings":

"Once our little Benny went to steal a robin's nest,  
It was a hot and darksome day, with black clouds in the  
west.

And just as he had climbed the tree and had the nest  
down bent,

There came a sudden thunder-storm, and here's the way  
it went:

B-r-roar, gr-r-roar, bad lad, bang!

Cr-rack, is it back? Flash, whack, bang!

Grumble-rumble-bumble-dumble, put it back before you  
tumble,

Cr-rack, put it back, flash, crash, bang!

Oh, my, how shaky felt his legs and oh, how queer his  
head.

He put the nest back in its place and off for home he  
sped.

A rushing wind pursued him, the rain upon him poured,  
And in his startled ears the thunder ripped and tore and  
roared:

Br-r-owl, gr-r-rowl, bad lad, bang!

Cr-rack, is it back? Flash, whack, bang!

Yes, you've had the best of luck, sir,

Or you surely had been struck, sir,

Hear me, Ben,

Never again!

Crash, flash, bang!"

One of the problems that many writers, especially women writers, have to meet is how to find a quiet place for work, away from household sounds.

## A BALM FOR PAIN

But Miss Wetherald at a later stage in her career had this problem solved for her in a unique way. One of her brothers built for her up among the branches of a large willow beside a brook, a small work-room, or tiny "house," which was reached by a ladder, with just room enough for a table and a couch. "It was roofed, floored, and screened, and had a good door; but as the willow kept on growing while the house was stationary, the joints of the latter grew loose and squeaky; so in process of time it fell a victim to a high wind. I was very fond of that dear writing-room."

The "house in the trees," it should be added, went by the name of Camp Shelbi, because the initial letters of the names of the different woods used in its construction formed these words: Chestnut, Ash, Maple, Pine, Spruce, Hemlock, Elm, Linden, Birch, Ironwood. But this "house" has no connection with the name of the book "*The House of the Trees*," for it was not built until fifteen years after the little volume of verse appeared.

The country in the neighborhood of Fenwick, where Miss Wetherald's poems have been written, has none of the romantic features in which the poet sometimes finds inspiration. It is a farming country, with narrow, sandy roads and scattered pine trees and flat meadows, broken here and there by patches of woodland, but with nothing unusual or picturesque to stir the imagination. But it is in this unpromising environment that Miss Wetherald

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

has found her material. Her attitude towards her surroundings is well expressed in the lines:

“Give me the poorest weed  
To satisfy my spirit's need;  
The meanest blade of grass  
Will see and greet me as I pass.”

She chooses for treatment such familiar subjects as “The Woodland Path,” “The Hay Field,” “A Slow Rain,” “The October Wind,” “When Days Are Long,” “June Apples,” “In the Grass,” “The Shy Sun,” “Autumn Fires,”—objects and aspects of nature that are so familiar that we take them for granted and often forget that they are beautiful; and it is because she has sought and found sources of beauty and comfort and peace in these familiar things that her poetry is peculiarly “a balm for pain.”

## XXIV

### *The Greatest Good*

"To be born on a farm is the greatest good that can befall a human being.  
To live on a farm is the greatest good that can be attained by a poet or a  
philosopher."

—Peter McArthur.



URN off from the Longwoods Road a few miles beyond Melbourne, in the County of Middlesex, Ontario, at the corner which bears the name "Appin"; jog to the left and then to the right, and you will come at length to a farm which in its way has become better known than any other farmstead in Canada.

Thousands of men and women in the Dominion who have never set foot on the Longwoods Road are as familiar with this farm as if they had lived in the neighborhood all their lives. They have seen the picturesque, vine-clad log-house in imagination; they have helped to plant the fruit-trees and lay out the garden; they have speared fish by lantern light in the Government drain; they have looked down from the vantage-ground of the wood-lot at the harvest fields basking in the sun; they have slept in the tent in all conditions of weather; they know where the first spring flowers bloom and what birds are the first to return; they have an intimate acquaintance with the farm stock,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

—with Fenceviewers I and II, Socrates the wise ram, Bildad the collie pup, Waldemar the tame crow, Mungo the steer, and Enoch Arden the tom-cat. Best of all, they are on intimate terms with “the sage” himself, who looked upon this farm as his real home for nearly sixty years. They have caught the knowing twinkle in his eye, and heard his genial laugh, and have listened in fancy to the tones of his voice as he has indulged in some happy memory or uttered some shrewd observation on men and things.

This happy intimacy with the farmer and the farm in Ekfrid lasted a little more than a dozen years. It began, to be exact, about the year 1908, for it was in that year that he returned to the farm after a long absence abroad; and it was shortly after this that his weekly sketches of farm life began to appear in “The Globe.” For these dozen years the growing friendship was uninterrupted. The farm itself, with farm-yard, orchard, and wood-lot, was a sort of rustic stage to which many eyes turned who had never seen in the drudgery of farm life any element of comedy or dramatic incident before; and week by week they looked for the curtain to rise on some new and entertaining episode. Then came the sudden and bewildering tidings that Peter Macarthur was dead, and from coast to coast in the Dominion there were saddened hearts among thousands of readers who had never seen him but who had been cheered by his genial stimulating gospel!

THE GREATEST GOOD



Peter McArthur.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

The death of Peter McArthur occurred on October 26, 1924. Then for the first time, readers who had known nothing of his previous career and had not cared to enquire, read the story of his early years of effort and of his experiences in the larger world of affairs; and they knew then how it was that he was able to bring to the interpretation of country life such a store of practical wisdom and shrewd observation.

He was born in the log house on "the farm." He attended High School and Model School, and taught for a short time in a rural school. Because of the strict ideas of his parents regarding secular literature, he was starved mentally as a boy; and then when the restrictions were thrown off he read omnivorously and stored his mind richly with a wealth of English poetry. And, needless to say, he tried his own prentice hand at writing verse. It was the growing time of youth; and with his keenness of mind, his responsiveness to natural beauty, and his youthful enthusiasms, he learned much that had no place in the regular courses of study. Then came the University; but he remained at college only a few months before plunging into journalism.

After working for a little over a year in Toronto, he resolved to try his fortune in New York, and here he remained twelve years, working during most of this time at free-lance journalism. It is a precarious mode of making a living, and Mc-

## THE GREATEST GOOD

Arthur was by this time married; but these were happy times, and intimate friendships were formed during these twelve years. Leaving New York in 1902, he spent the next two years in London, where he became a regular contributor to "Punch" and "The Review of Reviews." But free-lance journalism was even less remunerative in London than in New York, and the end of two years saw him in New York once more. For four years more the struggle was continued, but at the end of that time the financial outlook was not improved, and at length he resolved to return to the farm.

The decision was a wise one. His remaining sixteen years were the happiest in his life. It would be unjust to say that he should never have gone away. His experience with the larger world had not only broadened his outlook and deepened his sympathies; it had enriched his mind, and, best of all, it had satisfied his restless ambition, so that now he was able to look out upon the world from his quiet retreat and was content to "take the good the gods provide," and enjoy the only really satisfying things in life. In one of his essays, perhaps the finest that he ever wrote, there occurs the following passage:

"One morning I wakened at dawn. As the boys and I sleep in a tent, my morning outlook was through an open tent-flap rather than through a window. My first awakening was only sufficient to enable me to realize that it was not yet necessary for me to get up. But I had enjoyed a satisfying sleep and soon I was, or seemed

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

to be, wholly awake, and looking at the scene before me with half-closed eyes. There was no smoke issuing from the chimney of the one farm-house that was within my vision. Cattle and horses in an intervening field were pasturing quietly. The only thing that seemed active was a blue-jay in some near-by elms. It was flying from branch to branch and uttering its shrill cries, which were being answered by other jays in the orchard. I began to reflect quietly that although man was not yet astir, everything in Nature was awake and going about its business as if man did not exist.

"Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, everything was changed. It was such a change as happens when you are looking at the arrangement of squares—or is it cubes?—that they use to demonstrate some point in optics. Not a line in the picture has been changed and yet the whole arrangement of the picture seems to have been changed.

"As I looked out I saw that only Nature was of importance in the world. The whole prospect seemed flooded with abundant life and the work of man—the fields, buildings and stubble lands—seemed but temporary blemishes that Nature would quickly heal if left to herself. The grass was growing, birds were singing and feeding, insects were fluttering, and all the infinite varied activities of Nature were going on as if man did not exist. I saw that Nature is sufficient to herself. Her life is a mighty flood encircling the globe, and man is only an incident. And as I watched, thrilled like one who witnesses secret mysteries, I felt that over it all there brooded a spirit that was intensely aware—One without whose knowledge not even a sparrow could fall to the ground unnoticed. At that moment I became overwhelmingly convinced that man has little part in this fundamental life. His activities and his civilization seem very remote and unimportant. Even his proudest cities are but flotsam in some eddy by the side of this stream of life. Like others before them they had been

## THE GREATEST GOOD

thrown off from this stream and in time would fall back into it. The stream has endured unchanged since before the dawn of human consciousness. To it all nations and all dynasties have been equally transient and unimportant.

“And as I lay in silence, looking at that stream of life—strangely submerged in it—I understood the secret longings of my own soul. It was to be in accord with this immortal and healing life that I had returned from the cities—from civilization—again and again. But never before had I realized what I had been seeking until this supreme moment. At last I was in accord—visibly, audibly, and sensibly—with the life that has been and will be—with the Unchanging.”

This passage contains the sum and substance of Peter McArthur’s philosophy.

The happiest months of his life were perhaps those of the summer and early autumn before he died. The autumn of 1924 was unusually fine,—long sunny days with “the soft south-west at play” and the woods aflame with gorgeous colour. Some time before, under a happy inspiration he had conceived the idea of writing a poem, more or less epic in character, in praise of the unknown heroes and heroines of the world who had done some great service for mankind and had then been forgotten. His tent was his “study,” and from the point where it was pitched in the wood-lot he could observe the life of the wild creatures of the woods around him, and at the same time through the glowing branches catch a glimpse of his own beloved fields.

Here, in spite of warnings of approaching illness,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

he worked happily from day to day in the full enjoyment of seeing his new work steadily taking shape before him. Then there came a time when he was forced to discontinue in order that the doctors might, to use his own jesting phrase, take him apart. His last message before leaving home is his record of his impression of a scene at sunrise when a dense bank of fog "suddenly became luminous with the light of the sun and the colour of the autumn leaves." "It was more beautiful," he adds, "than any sunset I have seen. The scene lasted only a few minutes, but it marked the supreme point of my enjoyment of the autumn."

A week later, on a mellow October afternoon, Peter McArthur was laid to rest in the quiet country cemetery near Appin. At the funeral service, held in the open air, after the reading of the Anglican ritual, his own sonnet on Life was read:

Dear God, I thank Thee for this resting-place,  
This fleshly temple where my soul may dwell,  
And, like an anchorite within his cell,  
Learn all thy love and grow to perfect grace.  
Yet while the veil still hides Thee from my face,  
Give me the light to know that all is well;  
With guiding truth my erring fears dispel;  
Be Thou the rock on which my faith I base.  
Thy guest, not captive, to my visioned goal  
I soar beyond the memory of strife,  
Upborne and shielded by Thy power benign;  
Thou art the strength of my unfaltering soul  
And from the vantage of this mortal life  
The freedom of the infinite is mine.

## THE GREATEST GOOD

And the service was concluded with the reading of several stanzas of "The Grave-Tree" from the poems of Bliss Carman, who was Peter McArthur's intimate personal friend:

Let me have the scarlet maple  
For the grave-tree at my head,  
With the quiet sun behind it  
In the years when I am dead.

Scarlet when the April vanguard  
Bugles up the laggard spring,  
Scarlet when the bannered Autumn  
Marches by unwavering.

It will be my leafy cabin,  
Large enough when June returns,  
And I hear the golden thrushes  
Flute and hesitate by turns.

And in fall, some yellow morning,  
When the stealthy frost has come,  
Leaf by leaf it will befriend me,  
As with comrades coming home.

Then fear not, my friends, to leave me  
In the boding Autumn vast;  
There are many things to think of  
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple  
When the journeying shadows fail,  
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter  
Pass upon the endless trail.

At the head of the grave in the little wayside cemetery, among the banks of beautiful flowers

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

there was placed a glowing branch of scarlet maple  
taken from one of the trees in the wood-lot.

"Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
Together mixed; sweet recreation,  
And innocence, which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie."

## *Poet, Artist, and Citizen*

" Il a veritablement fait là oeuvre de poete et d'artiste.  
J'ajouterai qu'il a fait aussi oeuvre de bon citoyen."

—Louis Fréchette.

T a meeting of the Shakespeare Club in Montreal on an evening in 1895, a Montreal physician named William Henry Drummond was asked to reply to one of the toasts. But instead of making a speech he recited some verses of his own composition, to which he gave the name of "Le Vieux Temps," "the old tam long ago." It was a new and original kind of verse, and as we read the poem now we can readily understand with what enthusiasm it was received. But to Dr. Drummond himself the success of the poem was a matter of the greatest surprise. "It's the strangest thing in the world," he said, "but, do you know, they simply went wild over that poem." "Le Vieux Temps" is a story, or sketch rather, of homely scenes and incidents of habitant life. The habitant tells his own story in naïve, simple style, in his own quaint half-English half-French dialect; and the humour of the poem is infectious. It is easy to understand why the Shakespeare Club, and Drummond's friends in Montreal clamoured for more.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Dr. Drummond at this time was over forty years of age. The first ten years of his life had been passed in Ireland, where his father was an officer in the Irish constabulary. The parents and their family of four boys came to Canada in 1864. Then the father died, and the boys had to shift for themselves. William learned telegraphy, and while still a mere boy he was telegraph operator in a lumbering village called Borde à Plouffe, not far from Montreal. It was here that he heard from an old lumberman the story of the wreck of the Julie Plante, and to quote from Mrs. Drummond's account of it, as he lay in bed the words of the old lumberman,

“An de win’, she blow, blow, blow,”

“rang so persistently in his ears that, at the dead of night, unable to stand any longer the haunting refrain, he sprang from his bed and penned the poem which was to be the herald of his future fame.” “The Wreck of the Julie Plante” was one of his first, and still remains one of his most popular, poems.

At the end of two years, the young telegraph operator returned to Montreal, went to high school, attended McGill University, and studied medicine at Bishop's College, from which he graduated in 1884.

Then for four years he went on his rounds as a country doctor at the little village of Stornoway, near Lake Megantic, and later at Knowlton, in the

## POET, ARTIST, AND CITIZEN

picturesque county of Brome. But though his talents as a poet were buried, or, rather, undiscovered, during these years of country practice, they were not wasted years, for as a country doctor he learned to know the habitant intimately and came to have a sincere affection for him.

In 1888 he returned to Montreal and opened an office in the family home on St. Antoine Street, where he continued to practise for some years. During his college days and in the early years of his practice, he was keenly interested in athletics and outdoor sports; and he excelled especially in throwing the hammer and putting the shot, and for a time he held the amateur walking championship. He was, besides, always an ardent fisherman; and it so happened that his interest in fishing had other important results. A few years after his return to Montreal he was introduced to Miss May Harvey of Jamaica, who, with her father, was a guest of the Laurentian Fishing Club, of which he was a member. Two years later Dr. Drummond and Miss Harvey were married in the little Church at Savanna La Mar, in the West Indies. The marriage proved to be a most happy one, and it was to the encouragement and appreciation of his wife that much of his later success was due.

It was a short time after their marriage that "Le Vieux Temps" was written and read at the meeting of the Shakespeare Club. Other sketches followed;

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

and at the end of two years they had grown to a number sufficient to form a little volume, to which was given the title "The Habitant." To say that "The Habitant" was "popular" or "a success" is to say in hackneyed language what was only half the truth. The public received it with delight. During the ten years that followed, it ran through twenty-six editions. Poetry is not generally in popular demand, but here was a new kind of verse which had a run that rivalled the success of a "best-seller" in prose fiction.

The reason for the success of "The Habitant" is evident to anyone who is familiar with Dr. Drummond's verse. It is not only because it is so simple in language and style or because it is written in the quaint habitant idiom, but because it is so familiar and so intimate that the reader feels at once that the speech and sentiments are true to life. The habitant in most cases tells his own story, and in so doing he reveals his simplicity and cheerfulness of spirit and his childlike faith, which are a part of the habitant character. It was perhaps easier for the Celt who was himself not a native-born Canadian, to be the interpreter of the habitant; but Dr. Drummond knew French-Canadian life and speech so intimately, its humour and its pathos alike, that he had only to translate into verse, in a language which had become a sort of second nature to him, the scenes and incidents of habitant life with which he was already so familiar.

## POET, ARTIST, AND CITIZEN

Through these poems he has become, as it were, an interpreter of the French-Canadian people whom, to use his own words, he had "grown to admire and love."

In 1901, five years after the publication of "*The Habitant*," there followed a second volume of poems, to which he gave the name of "*Johnnie Courteau*," and four years later his last completed work "*The Voyageur*," was published. These two volumes were both eagerly welcomed by the public, and they helped still further to establish the poet's reputation. After his death, a fourth volume, entitled "*The Great Fight*" was published, with a biographical sketch by Mrs. Drummond.

In the meantime, public recognition of his work had taken other forms. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Toronto, the degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him by Bishop's College, and he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England.

In his home life these were years of mingled joy and sorrow. Children were born, but the death, in 1904, of his three year old son, to whom a touching reference is made in "*The Last Portage*," was a blow from which he never wholly recovered.

During the last few years of his life he occupied the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in McGill University, and at the same time he bore the burdens of a busy practice, all the more busy because he was too generous and warm-hearted to refuse the

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

calls of those who needed him. "The rich can get any number of doctors," he is quoted as saying, "but poor Pat has only me." There were many calls on him, too, from far and near, to give public readings from his poems. He had a voice of fine quality, and to those who had the privilege of hearing him read his poems, it was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten.

During these years the brothers of Dr. Drummond had also prospered; and one of their successful business undertakings was the development of the Drummond mines at Cobalt. During the last years of his life, Dr. Drummond was much interested in these mines, and he concerned himself more especially with the problems that arose in connection with the life of the miners themselves. It was one of his hobbies to encourage music among the miners, and when a workman applied for employment, he was asked, among other things, whether he could sing or play upon some instrument.

It was while ministering to the wants of the miners that death came to him. In the spring of 1907, hearing that small-pox had broken out in the camp at Cobalt, he hurried north to see if he could be of service. Within a week after his arrival he was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage, and he died a few days later. His remains were brought back to Montreal and he was laid to rest in the beautiful Protestant cemetery, high up on the side of Mount Royal. His grave is marked by a simple stone on

## POET, ARTIST, AND CITIZEN

which are inscribed the lines from his favourite poet, Moira O'Neill:

“Youth’s for an hour,  
Beauty’s a flower,  
But love is the jewel that wins the world.”



## XXVI

### *The Storied Past*

“Love thou thy land with love far-brought  
From out the storied past.”

—Tennyson.

F a book made up solely of reproductions of the drawings of Charles W. Jefferys could be placed in the hands of every child in Canada, the problem of teaching the history of Canada would be solved. What a rare “picture-book” such a collection would make! What child would not be eager to read the history of his own country after gazing upon that procession of discoverers and explorers, Indians, traders, priests, statesmen, farmers, with its background of trails and trading-posts, forts and fleets and wars, and frontier life. From pictures that are full of movement and life, the child would not only learn of “old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago”, but see the very life itself,—the dress, manners and customs, the occupation and crafts, the interests and festivities of the early days. For Mr. Jefferys graphically portrays in his pictures a multitude of stirring events and interesting episodes in Canada’s story; and the scenes range from ocean to ocean over the whole Dominion. To a child so fortunate as to be thus

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

introduced to the history of his country Canadian history must become a living, dramatic reality.

The artist who has made this unique contribution to Canadian art was not Canadian born. His birth-place was Rochester, in Kent, England; but in 1881 when he was a very young child his parents came to Canada and settled in Toronto. The father was a builder, with a fine knowledge of architecture and a great love for it, which had been fostered by his work on the restoration of beautiful old churches in England. The son Charles early showed a talent for drawing, and his father hoped that he might choose to become an architect.

But the boy's efforts at drawing were all directed toward the depicting of action rather than toward the designing of buildings. As a school-boy in Toronto he would draw on the blackboard for his teachers, his conception of the landing of Caesar or of the Battle of Queenston Heights; and he decorated the school-books of his fellows with scenes which so delighted them that the young artist was enabled to set up a tariff of rates for his work!

School days were over early for Charles Jefferys, for he was the eldest of a large family and wished to become self-supporting as early as possible. There was in Canada at that time little that a youth with a talent for drawing could do in order to develop his gift except to enter the commercial field; and so Jefferys became apprenticed to the

THE STORIED PAST



C. W. Jefferys.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

Toronto Lithographing Company. The firm were not slow to discover his ability in pen drawing, and they used his work to supply the newspapers, particularly "The Globe," with illustrations.

During the years of his apprenticeship there was much in his life in Toronto to foster his love of art. He was one of a group of enthusiastic young draughtsmen, who, in the late eighties and early nineties were eager to acquire a command of painting in water-colours and oils. They were obliged to work as designers or engravers to gain a livelihood, but they used every available means to further their mastery of higher forms of art. These young men found an encouraging and sympathetic friend in Mr. F. Brigden, senior. He had been a pupil of Ruskin, and the students of art found in his home, which they frequented, an atmosphere that was most stimulating. Mr. G. A. Reid and Mr. C. M. Manly were two of Jefferys' teachers at this time, and to them he pays warm tribute. Mr. Reid had just returned from abroad, and he and Mrs. Reid threw open their home and studio in generous hospitality to the art students. Life classes were formed, and Mr. Reid gave free instruction. Mr. Manly took the younger men with him on sketching trips and gave them liberally the benefit of his experience and skill. The Art Students' League, which was formed at this time in Toronto, had its place, too, in furthering the aspirations of its members.

## THE STORIED PAST

All the while, although very closely occupied by his commercial work and by his studies, Jefferys was deepening his acquaintance with Canadian history. When he was sent here and there through the country, as a newspaper illustrator, he used the opportunity to increase his knowledge of Canada; and his first vacation was spent in the Niagara district, so rich in historic associations. He read much also, and collected notes which proved to be invaluable data for those later pictures in which there is so great a wealth of accurate detail.

When he was in his early twenties, Jefferys decided, with some reluctance, that he must go to New York, for in the larger centre there was a greater field for the newspaper and magazine illustrator. After a summer of hard work in 1892, he spent a happy holiday sketching in Quebec, and then proceeded to New York in the autumn. And here he escaped that long and wearisome wait for an opening which is so frequently the lot of the beginner in the metropolis. On his first day in New York he began his search for employment in Park Row where most of the newspapers had their offices. Beginning at the lower end of the Row, he modestly presented samples of his art in the first newspaper office. He was told he might begin his work with them the next morning! But the ambitious young man did not stop with this success, but applied at the next newspaper office, and there he was told he might commence work

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

with them the next afternoon! Emboldened by the ease with which he was securing employment, the shy young artist pursued his way to the office of "The Herald." Now a position on the staff of "The Herald" was a post coveted by all young illustrators, a goal to be won only by much effort. But when this applicant displayed his drawings here, the art editor said at once, "We can use you." And in the next few minutes Jefferys found himself accepting, with a nonchalance he was far from feeling, an appointment as staff illustrator, with a weekly salary much larger than he would have dared to ask!

Jefferys was now face to face with the task of depicting actual events in graphic form. It was the golden age of newspaper illustration, before the photographer displaced the artist; and day after day he was required to go out into the maelstrom of New York life, find material, make a composition, and get his picture into his newspaper. In this way he came into contact with all phases of the life of the great city; for he had to illustrate murders, weddings, trials, parades, first nights at the theatre,—all sorts and conditions of men and affairs. It was arduous work, but it was valuable training, for it taught him to look for the essentials of character and action in every event he sought to illustrate. After a little he had his drawings accepted by such magazines as "The Century" and "McClure's," and he gave only

## THE STORIED PAST

a part of his time to newspaper work. He began also to display some of his pictures in various Art Exhibits and he met with encouraging recognition. All his holidays were spent in Canada, and he continued to contribute drawings to the Calendar of the Art Students' League, Toronto, a yearly venture published by enthusiastic young Canadian poets and painters.

After seven years of success in New York, Jefferys determined to return to Canada. He had received the stimulus that a sojourn in a great centre has to give; but he felt that to remain would mean the ultimate sapping of his power. It required courage to give up the certainty of employment in New York for the uncertain conditions in Canada, where at that time there was little interest in art on the part of the public; but he made the choice. He returned to Toronto, and a few years later took up his residence at York Mills, on the northern outskirts of the city, where he has lived ever since.

One of Mr. Jefferys' first undertakings upon his return was to illustrate for "The Globe" the tour of the present King and Queen through Canada. This journey proved important in his career as an artist, for it was then that Jefferys first saw the Canadian prairies. These vast spaces drew his artist soul as no other Canadian landscape had done, and the result was that he became the pioneer Canadian painter of the prairies. In "Qu'Ap-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

pelle Valley," "Bright Day in Saskatchewan," "A Prairie Trail" and other oil paintings of Northwest scenes, he has conveyed in a masterly way the wonder of the prairies,—their vastness and spaciousness, their subtle contours and dazzling light.

As an illustrator of Canadian history Jefferys' first opportunity to do work with any continuity was when he was engaged to make drawings for the "Chronicles of Canada" series. This work was so successful that when a similar undertaking, "Chronicles of America," was projected for the United States, he was employed as Associate Art Editor, and he himself contributed several notable drawings of historic scenes. The illustration of numerous books, such, for example, as Mrs. Skelton's "The Backwoodswoman" has given scope for Jefferys' distinctive ability to animate the past. He has a most interesting series of one hundred and two drawings illustrating the humorous works of Judge Haliburton,—Sam Slick—and he has abridged and annotated these voluminous writings to form a text to accompany the drawings.

In April, 1927, Mr. Jefferys exhibited a superb collection of two hundred drawings and water-colours. The display gave very striking evidence of the mastery which this retiring, sincere student of history has obtained in the field of historical illustration. It is a marvel that his monumental work in this field has been done at all, but it is a

## THE STORIED PAST

greater marvel that it should have been accomplished side by side with the painting of notable pictures in oils and in addition to his work as an instructor in drawing and painting in the Department of Architecture in the University of Toronto.

One of the secrets of Mr. Jefferys' great accomplishment lies in his clearness of purpose. He early discovered his own special work, the work which seems inevitably his, which most satisfies his own spirit. And by a steadiness of aim and desire he has attained mastery in his own field. Thoreau has said, "The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run". This is the standard with which Mr. Jefferys measures the worth of human activities. It leads him to discard much that is trivial and gives to him that reserve of quiet power which characterizes the truly great artist.



*Lift up thy Voice for the Dumb*

T was surely a cruel loss to the now famous little Canadian puppy, Joe, when his brutal master cut off his ears and his tail. For, leaving aside the question of the eloquence of ears, how is a little dog to speak without a tail? Only those who have observed the million-a-minute tail-waggings which register a dog's delight and the disconsolate drooping of tail which accompanies his heaviness of heart can comprehend what a calamity it is for a dog to be deprived of this means of expression. But Joe, who, despite his deformities, became "Beautiful Joe" has, through his sympathetic interpreter, Miss Marshall Saunders, reached a larger audience than ever he would have done, in full possession of his ears and tail. For, not only has he told his story in choice English, to the delight of millions of English-speaking boys and girls, but he has become an accomplished linguist and has repeated the story in Japanese, in Chinese, in Swedish, in German, in Czecho-slovacian, and in many other languages. And now, in keeping with the new spirit of internationalism, the story is being written in Esperanto, the world language.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

The original Joe lived in Meaford, Ontario, and it was there that he first met Miss Saunders, whose home was in Nova Scotia. Before relating how the meeting came about, it is well to go back to the beginning and learn something of Miss Saunders' childhood.

Margaret Marshall Saunders is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Saunders, who was living in Milton, Queen's County, Nova Scotia, at the time of her birth. The first years of the child's life were ideally happy. As the young clergyman and his wife went on their pastoral rounds, driving in leisurely fashion with horse and buggy, the little girl, Marshall, accompanied them. The impressions of pure beauty which she received then from the lovely Annapolis Valley have never left her. Her father was her first teacher, and the scholarly cleric gave her a thorough drill in Latin. She was brought up on the Bible, Spurgeon's sermons, and Shakespeare, but she was, nevertheless, a fun-loving, merry little girl.

When she was six years of age the family moved to Halifax where Dr. Saunders became pastor of the First Baptist Church. Naturally, the parents were delighted with this call to a city, but their sensitive daughter felt otherwise. She afterwards said that the outlook upon seven houses exactly alike opposite the new home, made her and her brothers and sisters gloomy and depressed. It was for these country-bred children their first experience of ugliness.

## LIFT UP THY VOICE FOR THE DUMB

However, the next eight or nine years went by happily in the new home. Then it was decided that the eldest daughter, who was now fifteen years of age, must go to boarding-school, and she was sent to Trafalgar House, Edinburgh. There she had the broadening influence of contact with, not only girls from Great Britain, but girls from the other colonies, such as South Africa. From Edinburgh she went to Orleans, the town of Joan of Arc, where she attended a Protestant school in which only the French language was permitted. At holiday time, she spent happy days in Paris.

Upon her return to Nova Scotia she looked about for some occupation. She is described as being at this time "a well-educated young lady, brimful of fun, with nothing special to do." She tried teaching school but was not enthusiastic about it. One day when her father was ill, he asked her to reply on his behalf to a letter from his close friend Theodore Harding Rand of McMaster University, Toronto. Dr. Rand was so impressed with the letter which she wrote that he said, "Marshall ought to write. Why does she not begin at once?" Miss Saunders retorted with, "What shall I write about?" and the answer came, "Write about a rabbit's track in the snow."

Soon after this, one of her sisters urged Miss Saunders to try to write a story. She did so, and with youthful romanticism wrote of a life of which she knew nothing and laid the scene in Spain, a

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

country which she had never visited. This story of a man, his unhappy wife, and a burglar, she felt was not sufficiently intellectual to submit to her father or to Dr. Rand. She did not know where to send it, but she bought a number of current magazines and after looking them over decided to send the story to Leslie's Magazine. It was accepted and she was paid forty dollars for it. The two sisters at once made an arithmetical calculation as to the yearly income that might accrue from forty dollars for every three weeks' work! And from that time Miss Saunders continued to write, with varying success. But before long she decided that she did not yet know enough about life, and she set out to travel, spending several years in Europe.

Upon her return to Canada she at first wrote for newspapers. Then, in 1889, her first book, "My Spanish Sailor," was published by a London firm. This was a love-story in which the leading characters were a Nova Scotia girl and a Spanish sea-captain. Not long after the publication of her book, Miss Saunders went to Ottawa to study shorthand and to visit a brother there. She remained for a year and there formed a close friendship with a music-student, a young girl from the Ontario town of Meaford. Before Miss Saunders went back to Nova Scotia she paid a visit to Meaford, and it was there that she saw the original of "Beautiful Joe." Her friend's father had taken the

## LIFT UP THY VOICE FOR THE DUMB

dog away from a tenant who had cruelly cut off his ears and tail, and Miss Saunders, all her life a keen lover of animals, was much moved at the plight of the little creature.

It was almost immediately upon her return home that she learned of an appeal from the American Humane Educational Society for a story which might do for other animals what "Black Beauty" had done for the horse. She at once seized upon "Joe," the Meaford dog as a striking character for an animal story. For six months she collected material, asking all her friends for stories of their pets. Then she had Joe tell his own story, and into the narrative were skilfully woven a wealth of facts and incidents about many other animals. The story won the two hundred dollar prize offered by the Humane Society, but the author was advised to forfeit the prize and retain the publishing rights. She did so and although it was six months before she found a publisher, the book was a tremendous success. It was published in 1894, and since then countless children in many lands have followed "Beautiful Joe" from his sufferings with the brutal milkman through his happy adventures in the home of his rescuer. And no boy or girl can read the story without becoming more sympathetic in feeling for all dumb creatures.

Miss Saunders' next book was "Rose of Acadie," a story of the Acadians who live in the manner of their forefathers in the winding sea-coast village

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

of St. Mary's, Nova Scotia. Book after book followed, most of them for children, but read with equal enjoyment by their elders. To name only a few of these there is "Jimmy Gold-Coast," the story of a monkey, "Bonny Prince Fetlar," the story of a pony, and "Golden Dickey," a canary, besides "Beautiful Joe's Paradise." Altogether, Miss Saunders has written more than a score of books, though none, perhaps, is so widely known as "Beautiful Joe." She did not follow literally that early advice to "write about a rabbit's track in the snow"; but she has made the "tracks" of many another animal tell an appealing story. No other writer of animal stories has come closer to the heart of childhood than has the author of "Beautiful Joe."

Miss Saunders has lived in many places. From Halifax she went to Boston, and later to California, and much of her time has been spent in European travel. In 1914, when the Great War broke out, she was moved to return to her own Canadian people and she came to Toronto, which has been her home since. Here she is occupied with her beautiful garden, her marvellous aviary of canaries, bulfinches, Japanese robins and other birds, and her multitudes of friends. Moreover her pen is not yet idle. She has very recently turned from the writing of animal life to a different type of story,—one which embodies some of the human experiences of her rich life.

## XXVIII

### *“Then to the Well-Trod Stage, Anon”*

“**P**EOPLE ask me whether Boston or New York is my home, but in my heart the Canadian people are my people, and this is my home.” These were the words of Julia Arthur in response to an ovation given her in her native city, Hamilton, Ontario, when she played “Saint Joan” there in the spring of 1925. “It is many years since I left Hamilton as a little girl,” she continued, “and many wonderful experiences have come to me, but there has been nothing more wonderful in all my life than having kept your friendship and love.” Miss Arthur was not speaking in the flush of the moment’s emotion. For, two years later, I asked her to tell me of some of the times in her stage career when she had been specially happy or most moved and she replied, “There have been many such moments, but I do not know that I ever felt anything thrill me more than the welcome I was given by the people of Hamilton.” Not even the memories of her London début with Irving and Terry, thirty years before, are sweeter to Julia Arthur than are those of her return to her native city.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

The real name of the actress is not Julia Arthur. She was the daughter of Thomas Lewis, and her name was Ida. But when she went on the stage she found that there was already an actress named Ida Lewis and so she took the name, Julia Arthur. Arthur was her mother's maiden name and she chose Julia because she thought it a more musical name than Ida.

As a mere child she showed dramatic talent and she used to recite vivaciously in a little attic playroom to an audience of dolls. Through her teacher of English, Mr. John Townsend, she early learned to love the classics. He had been an actor and soon he had his young pupil taking part in amateur dramatics. At eleven she acted in "The Honeymoon" in theatricals in her own home and played the part of Portia for a local dramatic club.

About this time Mr. D. E. Bandmann came to Hamilton, and after hearing her recite, at once offered her a place in his company. In this company she acted in "Richard III" as the Prince of Wales, first in Hamilton and then on tour. For three years, under Bandmann's management, she played leading roles in plays as diverse as "East Lynne," "The Corsican Brothers," and various plays of Shakespeare. As Portia, Juliet, Desdemona, and Ophelia, she was particularly successful. In this way, before she was twenty the young actress travelled over most of the United States.

Julia Arthur possessed attractions of person  
[ 236 ]

THEN TO THE WELL-TROD STAGE, ANON



Julia Arthur.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

which fitted her singularly for the stage. She had a fine mobile face with lustrous dark eyes, a magnetic smile, and a direct, unaffected manner. And in addition to youth and beauty, she had intellect and a capacity for hard work. With these qualities it was not surprising that she soon distinguished herself in New York. In the early nineties she gave up her connection with touring companies, and for several successive seasons played only in New York city. Theatre-goers of that period remember her best in "*Lady Windermere's Fan*" and "*Mercedes*."

In 1894 Miss Arthur courageously set out to try her fortune in England. She had no publicity agent and no one with influential connections to help her. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, told her that there was not a shadow of chance for her in London and that she might as well return to America forthwith. But she waited, and at the end of a year her great moment came. Sir Henry Irving offered her a place in his company and she made her début at the Lyceum in 1895. The young Canadian, still in her twenties, played next Ellen Terry and even had the distinction of appearing in certain roles of that famous actress. Hero in "*Much Ado About Nothing*" and Elaine in "*King Arthur*" were among her first successes, and her Rosamond in "*Becket*" and Imogen in "*Cymbeline*," played in Miss Terry's absence, won her a distinct triumph. And on these occasions it must have added to her

## THEN TO THE WELL-TROD STAGE, ANON

gratification to see Henry Arthur Jones in her audience. The next season, Irving and Terry brought their Lyceum company to America on tour, and Julia Arthur came with them; and when they returned to England she, too, went back for another season in the Lyceum.

It was now time for Miss Arthur to try her wings in a flight of her own, and in the autumn of 1897 she came back to America to take star engagements. Her first venture was in "A Lady of Quality," which was, however, quite unworthy of her mature powers. Then came her Rosalind in "As You Like It," a part which she played delightfully. Other plays followed, but perhaps in none did she display greater power than in "Romeo and Juliet." A critic said of her, "As Juliet she has no rival on the American stage."

The next event in her life was her marriage, in 1898, to Mr. Benjamin Cheney of Boston, and her retirement from the stage. But seventeen years later, through her activities in patriotic work during the Great War, she returned to the theatre. In 1915 she appeared in Baltimore and in New York in "The Eternal Magdalene." During the next few years, in Chicago and in New York she played leading parts in several other plays, including "Macbeth." In 1924 she came to Canada, and in the chief cities from coast to coast, with a resilience and a youthfulness of spirit that was a marvel to all, played Shaw's "Saint Joan."

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

This is the story of Julia Arthur's stage career in so far as it can be told through the mention of the more important roles she has played. But this can be only part of the story, for behind it there is another which only she can tell,—the story of hopes realized only by continuous hard work, of human contacts, with their ambitions and their rivalries, their friendships and loves, of the heart-burnings and fierce joys of the artist life. Miss Arthur now not only looks back over a life of rich experience, but looks forward with zest to the days that are to be. For there is still much of youthful eagerness in her. Her straight girlish figure is matched by a buoyant and vigorous mind and an unquenchable spirit, and she has more than ever to give to her public.

It has been said that the art of the actor is evanescent. The painter, the writer, the musician may create that which will be a more or less permanent expression of his art, while the actor has only his relationship with his public. Yet this is a real, if intangible, tie; for no lover of the theatre ever quite forgets the golden moments when, through the high art of great acting, he has lived gloriously. What Julia Arthur has given will not be forgotten, and she will always hold a conspicuous place among the figures which Canada has given to the world of art.

## XXIX

### *A Pre-War Message*

HEN I looked at the audience, I had some apprehension that our campaign had been too successful!

We had invited the Canadian poet Wilfred Campbell to give readings from his poems; but after the invitation had been sent and accepted we began to have misgivings lest we might not have an audience. If he had been a popular poet such as Robert Service, or an entertainer such as Pauline Johnson, we should not have had any such doubts; but Campbell is not a poet who tells a story, or whose poetry appeals to the man on the street, and we did not think it probable that many of the city people would be interested in hearing him. But I myself was anxious that the students from the Collegiate should attend, and I read them some of Campbell's poems and asked them not only to come themselves but to urge their friends to come.

And now as I looked over the gathering that had assembled in response to my urging, I had, for a few moments at least, misgivings of another kind. The hall was filled to overflowing, and people were sitting on the high window-sills and on extra seats that had been brought in. The students and their

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

friends who were interested in books and reading, were there; but I saw among the audience many people who, I knew, had little interest in poetry as poetry,—railway-men and shop-keepers, and factory hands, and mechanics, and a generous sprinkling of people from the country. It was a remarkable gathering for a city that did not, as a city, breathe the atmosphere of poetry.

Campbell, I saw from the first, was pleased, for he had no reason to share our apprehension. We had expected that his entire programme would consist of readings from his poems, but to our surprise he at once launched into a vigorous speech, a plea for an interest in the things of the spirit; and, more surprising still, his speech drew from his audience round after round of applause; and, thus encouraged, he threw himself into his address with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Then he read, or rather half-chanted, a number of his poems. Some one asked him to read "The Mother"; some one wished to hear the "Harvest Slumber Song," and still another asked him to read the "Lines on a Skeleton," and "Not unto Endless Dark do we go down"; and in this way he continued to read poem after poem, until this very happy evening was brought to a close.

In a letter which Campbell wrote to me some days after his return to Ottawa, he summed up in a few sentences the substance of his lecture: "Canada wants to-day to be saved from her worser

## A PRE-WAR MESSAGE

self, namely materialism. The best cure is in the highest British ideals,—character, culture, loyalty, imagination. The people want to forget their ‘rights’ and awake to their ‘responsibilities.’ For this end we must all work,—both the educationalist and the poet, side by side.”

This was twenty years ago, and those old pre-war days have already gone into “the dark backward and abysm of time.” The poet, too, is gone, and many of those who listened to him with so much pleasure on that evening. Since then the face of civilization has been changed; but still, even more than in those pre-war days, the poet’s message rings true,—his earnest plea for the things of the spirit. This is the message of all of Campbell’s poetry.

Campbell’s father and grandfather were clergymen; and at the time of the poet’s birth (1861) his father, Rev. Thomas Campbell, was rector of the Anglican church at Berlin (Kitchener), Ont.

In 1871 he removed to Wiarton, on a branch of the Georgian Bay. From this time forth, Wiarton was the family home, and the scenery and surroundings of this romantic neighborhood had much to do with stimulating the poet’s imagination.

He attended the High School in Owen Sound, and took his first year in Arts in the University of Toronto. He then entered Wycliffe College as a student in theology, but later went to Cambridge, Mass., to complete his course. In the meantime,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

while he was still a student at Cambridge, he was married.

In 1885 he was ordained as minister of the Union Church of West Claremont, N. H.; but at the end of three years he resigned this charge to become rector of Trinity Church, in St. Stephen, N.B. The two years that he spent here were years of happy inspiration and earnest work. In 1888 he published his first volume of verse under the title of "Snow-flakes and Sunbeams." These poems, it is true, attracted little attention; but in the following year, other poems were added and the larger collection appeared under the new title of "Lake Lyrics." It was this volume that first gave Campbell a recognized place among Canadian poets. Most of the poems contained in it are true "lake lyrics," descriptive of the scenes and impressions of the poet's boyhood and youth. They are an attempt to express in language something of the glamour of this "magic region of blue waters," the "wild paradise" of the northern lakes, which had made a lasting impression on the poet's imagination. He knew and loved the lake country in all its moods, from the sunlight on the blue water which lay stretched out beneath the hilltop where stood his boyhood home, to the harder and harsher prospect of the ice-bound bay on which he skated as a boy. To him, as boy and man, it was a land of magic.

In 1890 Campbell resigned his charge in St. Stephen, and shortly afterwards he withdrew from

## A PRE-WAR MESSAGE

the ministry. In the following spring he was appointed by Sir John Macdonald to a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa—the very last appointment which the veteran chieftain made. In this position his duties were light, and he had a good deal of leisure time for reading and study.

In 1893 he published “The Dread Voyage and Other Poems,” and this was followed in 1899 by the volume entitled “Beyond the Hills of Dream.” In these poems, as compared with his earlier verse, there is a widened range of interest and a deepening of tone. He is now not so much interested in nature for its own sake as for its human associations; and myth and legend occupy a larger place in his poems.

His “Collected Poems,” published in 1905, includes more than one hundred hitherto unpublished poems. In this new volume Campbell is seen at his best; and poems such as, “Lines on a Skeleton,” “The Hills and the Sea,” “The Vanguard,” “The Dream Divine,” “A Canadian Galahad” and “Not Unto Endless Dark,” are examples of his finest and most enduring work.

In general, there were three main influences that affected the character of his poetry. Perhaps the strongest of these was his Celtic temperament. He traced his descent from the Campbells of Argyll, and he was very proud of his lineage. This Celtic strain—its fire, its impetuous ardour, its seriousness, its dignity, its tenderness, its sense of mystery,

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

is in evidence in much of Campbell's poetry. And nearer at hand there is the inheritance from his immediate ancestry. His father and his father's father were churchmen, and he himself had been associated with the Church for nearly ten years. This may account, in part at least, for the tone of seriousness sometimes approaching austerity, the spirit of moral earnestness, that pervades so much of his work. It was from his mother, however, that he inherited his purely literary gifts, his love of music and painting and good books, and his sense of literary style. The third great influence, which supplied the inspiration for his earlier verse, was "the beauty and mystery" of the northern lake region, of which mention has already been made.

Campbell evidently did his finest work when his Celtic imagination was stirred by strong emotion and in those supreme moments he was, in a sense, inspired. He takes rank easily as one of our greatest Canadian poets, and at times he rises to heights which place his work on a level with the classics of the greater British poets.

Campbell had a strong dramatic sense and an ambition to write great dramas that might be acted on the stage. In 1895 he published two dramas, in a volume entitled "Mordred and Hildebrand," and in 1898 two others were added. At a later period he became interested in prose fiction, and produced two historical novels, "Ian of the Orcades" (1906) and "A Beautiful Rebel" (1909). But it is upon

## A PRE-WAR MESSAGE

his poems rather than either his dramas or his novels that his reputation must finally rest. During the last ten years of his life Campbell became more and more interested in world politics, and his later poems are strongly patriotic and imperialistic in character. When the Great War broke out, his patriotic spirit was stirred to the depths, and his pride of race and passion for British tradition found expression in a number of stirring war poems, some of which were not published until after his death.

On the personal side, Campbell's tastes and habits of life were simple. He belonged to no clubs, and preferred his own fireside, with music and poetry and discussion with intimate friends, quiet walks in the country, correspondence, and the companionship of books, "letting the world remote, and its roar, go by." Some years before his death he removed to a suburban home high above the Ottawa Valley, and with a view of the distant Laurentians; and here he spent much time in gardening.

At the time of his death he had scarcely passed the prime of life. He died very suddenly, of pneumonia, on New Year's day, 1918. He was buried in Beechwood cemetery, in a plot of ground overlooking the Gatineau Valley, with the blue Laurentians on the far horizon. The monument, a seat in marble, was a token of affection from his friends, and the medallion in the centre was the tribute of Dr. Tait Mackenzie, the eminent sculptor.



## XXX

*“The Boy Eternal”*

HEN Norman Duncan went to New York in the late nineties, he was engaged on the staff of “The Evening Post,” and in the course of his work as a reporter he became interested in the Syrian colony in the crowded foreign quarter of lower New York. It was here that he obtained the material for his first stories, which were published in a volume entitled “The Soul of the Street.”

At this time Duncan was twenty-seven years of age. His birthplace was Norwich, Ont., but his boyhood was passed in Brantford, where his father was a merchant. For some time, however, the family lived in Mitchell, and Norman attended High School there; but he always looked upon Brantford as his home. Even as a High School youth he had a desire to write, and he began his career as a journalist by taking a position on the Windsor Daily Record; but in less than three months he gave it up in utter home-sickness and returned home.

At the age of twenty he entered the University of Toronto, where he took a course in Science; but he left college in 1895 without taking his de-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

gree. There were in the family three brothers, one of whom, Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, became distinguished as a professor and a writer of popular science. To him Norman was very closely attached, and during his lifetime he made frequent changes in residence in order to be near his brother.

After leaving the University he took a position as a reporter on a newspaper in Auburn, N. Y., where his mother and brothers were then living, and here he learned something of the practical side of journalism. Two years later he went to New York, whither his brother had preceded him, and took a position as assistant to the city editor of "The Evening Post," and as writer of special articles for the Saturday supplement.

This position in New York brought him nearer to the realization of an old boyhood dream. As a boy he had always been greatly interested in Labrador and Newfoundland; and now as he began to look about for new material for stories, it occurred to him that here was a new and unexplored field. Accordingly in the summer of 1900, having secured a contract to write articles for a New York magazine, he sailed for St. John's. Although he had been brought up in an inland town and knew nothing of life on board a sailing-vessel, he had something of the sailor's love of the sea, and was never happier than in these summers in which he lived in the fishing villages of Newfoundland.

He spent three summers in Newfoundland and

## THE BOY ETERNAL



Norman Duncan

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

one in Labrador, with headquarters in the little port known as Exploits, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland. Here he lived with the people, as one of themselves,—sailed, fished, shared in their adventures,—and wrote; and naturally much of his time was spent with Dr. Grenfell.

Duncan was, first and last, a teller of stories, and here he saw, from day to day, in the lives of these fishermen, a great drama of life and death being played,—the struggle of human beings against the forces of the sea. In the realities of everyday life he found ready at hand the materials for his stories. In 1903, his first Labrador book, "*The Way of the Sea*," containing four stories, was published. This was the first of a long series of stories with a coast setting, which were continued until the time of his death. Of his longer novels, "*Dr. Luke of the Labrador*" is generally considered his best.

In the meantime, his brothers had again made a change of residence. In 1901 his brother Robert was appointed professor of chemistry in the Washington and Jefferson College at Washington, Pa., and from 1902 to 1906 Norman occupied the position of professor of rhetoric at the same college; and during the years 1907 to 1910, while Robert was professor of chemistry in the University of Kansas, Norman held a position as adjunct professor of literature on the same staff.

During these years most of the long vacations

## THE BOY ETERNAL

were spent in travel. In 1905 he visited Florida; and in 1907 Harper's Magazine sent him to Palestine and Arabia as special correspondent. On this journey he was accompanied by Mr. Lawren Harris, the well-known artist. After spending a month in Damascus, the two companions went overland to Jerusalem and thence to Beer-es-Sheba. From this point they crossed the desert, by camel and caravan, to Suez, a journey of three weeks. At a later date Harper's also sent him to Australia as special correspondent, and on this tour he visited the Far East, including the Dutch East Indies and Malay.

During these years, in intervals of freedom he wrote and published story after story. In seeking material for these stories and in telling them, he was in his natural element and these were his happiest moments. He might, to use a very hackneyed phrase, be described as "a born story-teller"; but, like most born story-tellers, he was interested in the technique of the story and studied the stories of others. His own favourite short story was Bret Harte's "Tennessee's Partner." He thought it perfect.

But the secret of his success as a story-teller lay in his own lovable and almost child-like nature. He was, to quote from Mr. Harris, "a lovable, considerate, gentle character, and a fine companion." He has been likened in disposition to Robert Louis Stevenson; and like R. L. S. he understood and loved children. In his longer stories there is

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

always a real boy,—Davy Roth in "Doctor Luke," Dannie in "The Cruise of the Shining Light," and Billy Topsail in the three boys' stories that bear his name. But by whatever other names they may be called, the real name of each of these boys is Norman Duncan.

He never married, and as those who were bound most closely to him by family ties were taken from him, his own life became at times,—except for his keen interest in his art—more and more lonely, and he was subject at times to fits of intense depression. His mother died in 1904, and his brother Dr. Robert Duncan in 1914. After the death of his brother, he returned to Brantford with his brother's family, and made his home there. His one surviving brother, Dr. Ernest Duncan, has made his home in Fredonia, New York, and it was while visiting this brother that death came suddenly to him. One of his favourite recreations was golf, and while on the golf-links he was stricken with heart-failure and died within half an hour. His burial-place is in Brantford.

If he could have passed judgment on his own life, Norman Duncan would, no doubt, have said that, on the whole, it was a happy one. It had poignant griefs and moments of great loneliness; but it had also its keen delights. He might have said with Ulysses, "All times I have enjoyed greatly." He was interested in life everywhere, from the colourful East to the bleak Newfoundland coast.

## THE BOY ETERNAL

Though himself childless, it was given him, above all, to enter into the lives of children; and he himself was most happy when he ministered to their happiness. "He was for young people, first, last, and all the time. He was one with them, thrilled when they were thrilled, and to give them delight his greatest joy."

"Weary, the cares, the jars,  
The lets, of every day,  
But the heavens filled with stars,  
Chanced he upon the way:  
And where he stayed, all joy would stay."



## XXXI

# *“The Hidden Soul of Harmony”*

“The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.”

— Milton.

WO hundred years ago the director of music in St. Thomas Kirche, Leipzig, was Johann Sebastian Bach. It was there that he composed some of his immortal music, and this church will be for ever associated with his great name.

But the church has an additional interest for music-loving Canadians. For here, in the early eighties, a young Canadian music student used to listen on Saturdays to the unaccompanied singing of the choir. Moved to the depths by the perfect beauty of this music, he resolved that if he ever again should be master of a church organ and choir he would see to it that the organ was as often as possible silent while his choir sang. The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, the finest choral body in America, was the outgrowth of this resolve.

This young musician was Augustus Stephen Vogt. Although he was then only in his early twenties, he had already had some experience in directing church music. He was born in 1861 in the little

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

hamlet of Washington, in Oxford county, Ontario; but when he was four years of age his parents removed to the village of Elmira. His father, a native of Baden, Germany, was a builder of small organs, and the boy had an early acquaintance with these instruments. When he was twelve years of age he became the organist of St. James' Lutheran Church in the village. From a teacher of organ in the city of Hamilton he received more advanced instruction than the home village could afford; and when he was only seventeen he gave up his duties in the local church to become organist and choir-master in the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas.

Here he worked diligently for three years, teaching music as well as conducting the church choir, in the hope of saving enough money for further study; for he was one of a family of eleven children and he knew that he must depend solely upon his own efforts. By the time he was twenty he was able to go to Boston, where he studied for two years at the New England Conservatory of Music. Then in 1885, he went to Leipzig, where he remained for three years.

Upon his return to Canada he settled in Toronto, and at once became organist and choir-master in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. There he began the work that was to be the crowning glory of his life,—the development of choral singing. In the training of his church choir he paid careful at-

## THE HIDDEN SOUL OF HARMONY

tention not only to every detail of technique, but to sympathetic interpretation of the music; and thousands of people came to the church for the pleasure of hearing the choir sing its unaccompanied anthems. By means, too, of congregational practices, lecture recitals, and church concerts he set up new standards; and through his pupils and choir members who went to other parts of Canada, his influence on church music was felt throughout the Dominion. Needless to say, his reputation spread to the United States, and many tempting offers were made to induce him to go to leading American cities; but he remained firm in his attachment to Canada, and for eighteen years continued his work in the Toronto church.

In 1891 Vogt was appointed to the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and in the same year he was married. Three years later, wishing to launch out into secular music with a larger choir than he had in his church, he organized a choral society of some one hundred voices to sing unaccompanied music. For five years this chorus gave concerts twice yearly, of unaccompanied singing, which aroused unbounded enthusiasm on the part of the public. Then, suddenly, in the autumn of 1899 the choir was disbanded. It was said at the time that ill-health, with over-pressure of teaching and other professional duties, had led Vogt to take this step. But he told his choristers that he would call them together again.

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

The organization had served its purpose, and it was because he had conceived of far greater things to be achieved in choral work that he decided to discontinue it. His frequent visits to Europe, where he had listened to great choirs, deepened his conviction that choral singing might be still further perfected. He had a vision of a choir that should produce the shades of tone and the depth of expression of a symphony orchestra. And Dr. Vogt, who was not a mere drill-master but a great choral genius, knew that for what he had in mind he must have a choir so organized as to give him wide powers.

Accordingly, in 1900, he formed a new chorus, the Mendelssohn Choir, composed of two hundred and twenty-five of Toronto's finest musicians. Rigid tests for membership were applied, and it was announced that these tests would be repeated every season and that no one could consider himself a permanent member of the chorus. Then began a training that was remarkable for its thoroughness. The dynamic force of the little man,—for he was small of stature,—was projected into rehearsals that called out the very best in every singer. Tactfully but persistently he polished and perfected until he had a choir from which he could secure every desired shade of tone.

The first concert of the new choir, in the winter of 1901, was an overwhelming success. Vogt's infallible sense of tone had been satisfied only with

## THE HIDDEN SOUL OF HARMONY

a marvellous range, from softly breathed pianissimos to fortissimos that were stupendous. The success of this first year's venture enabled Vogt to arrange for a full symphony orchestra to accompany the choir in such works as required the full orchestral score; and in 1902 the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra was associated with the Choir in a concert which won for the singers a reputation as a choral body of surpassing excellence.

In 1905 the Choir made its first appearance outside of Canada, when it gave a concert in Buffalo which delighted both music-lovers and critics. The following year was still more noteworthy in the history of the Choir, for it sang then the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, a work which, up to this time, had not been presented vocally. This work, repeated in Carnegie Hall, New York, electrified blasé critics and brought from them glowing eulogies. "I am the God, Thor," from Elgar's "King Olaf," sung to the accompaniment of both organ and orchestra, brought listeners to their feet with shouts of "Bravo!" Again in 1913 the Choir sang in New York and this time also in Boston. Conquests of Cleveland and Chicago followed. Under the genius of its now famous conductor, the Choir gave notable presentations of such masterpieces as the "Brahms' Requiem," the "Manzoni Requiem," the "Children's Crusade" and "Caractacus." A tour of Europe was next contemplated, and Vogt, while abroad in 1913, completed ar-

## A PEOPLE'S BEST

rangements for the appearance of his choir in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Leipzig. It would have been a great delight for Dr. Vogt to have conducted his Choir in old Leipzig, where his inspiration had first stirred. But the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 swept all such proposals away.

Happily, other absorbing work helped to mitigate his disappointment. In 1913 he became principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and here his remarkable administrative capacity had full scope. He succeeded in associating the Conservatory with the University of Toronto; and he himself became Dean of the newly-formed Faculty of Music. The University, had, some years before, honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Music, as a tribute to his work with the Mendelssohn Choir.

Throughout the years, from time to time, Dr. Vogt composed musical pieces which had a popular appeal. His beautiful chant arrangement of "The Lord's Prayer," first sung by his Toronto church choir, is now widely used, and his lovely setting of "An Indian Lullaby," for women's voices, is familiar through its appearance on Mendelssohn Choir programmes. "The Sea," for mixed choir, is another of his compositions which has become well-known.

Four years after he became principal of the Conservatory, Dr. Vogt resigned his leadership of the

## THE HIDDEN SOUL OF HARMONY

Choir. Failing health began to make his work increasingly difficult, and to this was added the loneliness caused by the death of his wife in 1922. Four years after her passing, the great conductor himself died, after only a few days of acute illness.

Altogether, Dr. Vogt exhibited a rare combination of gifts. On the practical side of his nature he had talents which would have fitted him equally for business or for diplomacy.. Kindly human qualities prevented his ever becoming a pedant; and he was free from any trace of pettiness and jealousy. He had a great sympathy with the efforts of beginners, and he was always gracious and generous to his juniors. He was widely read, interested in all the movements of the day, a lover of good talk, a true man among men. When there is no longer left anyone who knew his personal qualities Dr. Vogt will still be regarded as one who was, in his time, the greatest choral conductor on this continent. He was the first native-born Canadian to do for his own country a great constructive work in music.



## *Index*

	Page
Allward, Walter S. (1876- ) . . . .	31
Anglin, Margaret (1876- ) . . . .	79
Arthur, Julia (1869- ) . . . .	235
Campbell, Wilfred (1861-1918) . . . .	241
Carman, Bliss (1861- ) . . . .	53
Drummond, W. H. (1854-1907) . . . .	211
Duncan, Norman (1871-1916) . . . .	249
Hébert, Philippe (1850-1917) . . . .	185
Hémon, Louis (1880-1913) . . . .	119
Jefferys, Charles W. (1869- ) . . . .	219
Johnson, E. Pauline (1862-1913) . . . .	141
Lampman, Archibald (1861-1899) . . . .	127
Laut, Agnes C. (1871- ) . . . .	63
Leacock, Stephen B. (1869- ) . . . .	95
McArthur, Peter (1866-1924) . . . .	201
McKenzie, R. Tait (1867- ) . . . .	153
McCrae, John (1872-1918) . . . .	13
Morrice, J. W. (1864-1924) . . . .	169
Parker, Sir Gilbert (1860- ) . . . .	37
Peel, Paul (1859-1892) . . . .	135









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